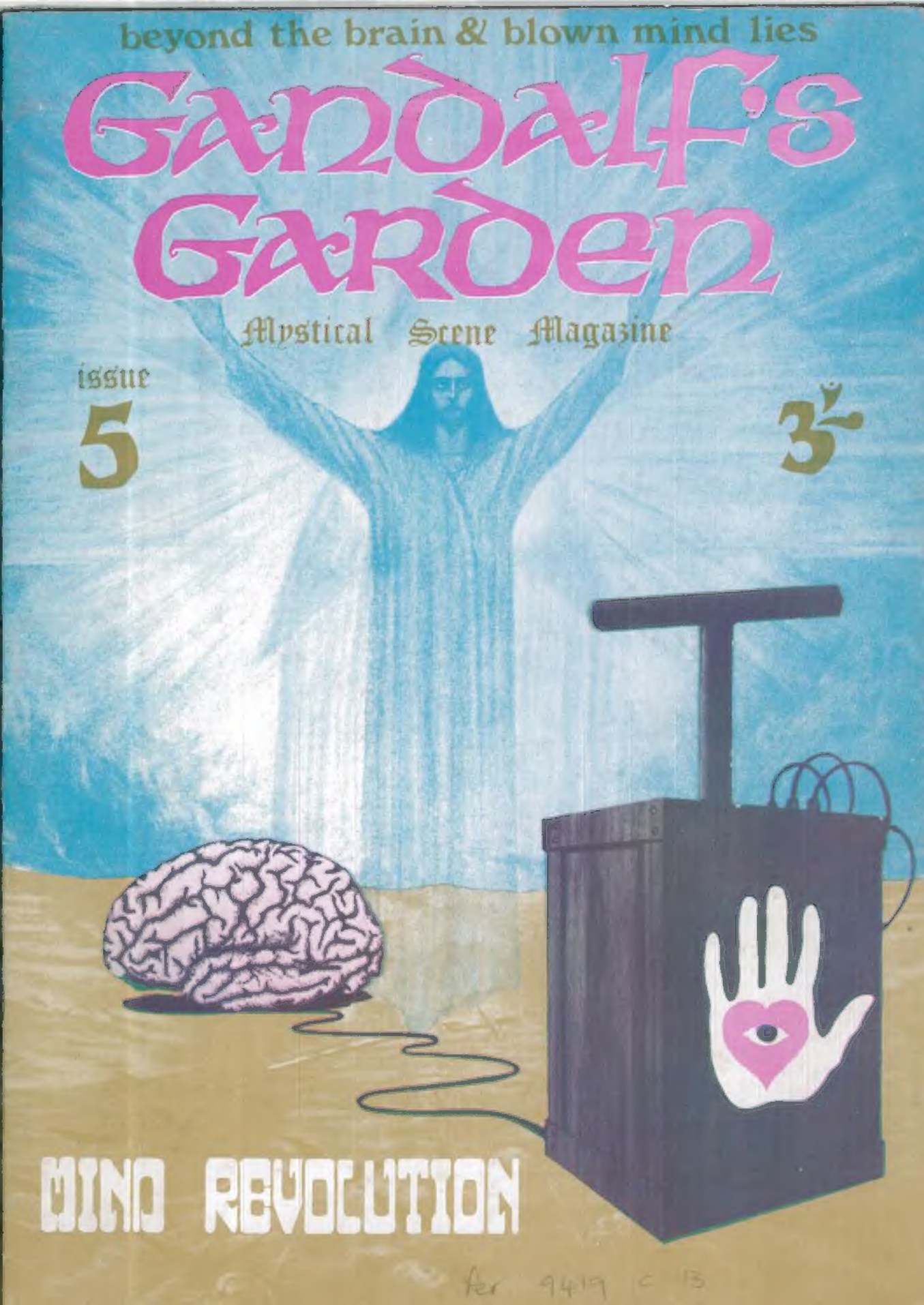
beyond the brain & blown mind lies

GANDALF'S GARDEN

Mystical Scene Magazine

issue 5

3p



MIND REVOLUTION

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Gandalf the White Wizard from the trilogy of "The Lord of the Rings", by J. R. R. Tolkien, is fast becoming absorbed in the youthful world spirit as the mythological hero of the age, as graven an image on the eternal psyche as Merlin of the Arthurian legends. In the land of Middle Earth under threat of engulfment by the dark powers, Gandalf unites the differing races, mistrustful of each other through lack of understanding and communication, in a final effort to save the world. The crusader spirit in Gandalf is echoed in the cry of the Now Generation seeking an Alternative to the destructive forces of today's world, by spreading human love and aid, for the unity of all the peoples of the Earth.

"Gandalf's Garden" grows in that same spirit. For "Gandalf's Garden" is the magical garden of our inner worlds, overgrowing into the world of manifestation. "Gandalf's Garden" is soulflow from the pens of creators—mystics, writers, artists, diggers, delvers and poets. A wellspring of love and anguish that those with searching thirsts may drink thereof. As in the Stone Gardens of the Orient, where Soul Wizards sit within the stimulus of their own silences, contemplating the smoothness of the million pebbles, so should we seek to stimulate our own inner gardens if we are to save our Earth and ourselves from engulfment.

SEEDSOWER: John Pogson

MARKET GARDENERS:
Jay Amler Cee Bee Williams

SUNSHINE:
Sue Morris Karen Seely
Helena Gorka
Corinne Duke

GARDENLORE: Muz Murray

CULTIVATION:
Evelyn Gully
Tricia Pogson
Vron Bailey
Des
John & Roger

HEAD GARDENER: Gerry Snelling

CROSS-FERTILISING: Transmutation

LAYOUT: Gardeners All

PHOTOGRAFTS: Colin Bord

TOPIARY: John Hurford
June Cramer
John Power
Pip Bassett

GARDENSCAPE: Muz Murray

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Canada Goose (UPS)

Drawing by Hans-Joaquim Zeidler

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MIND REVOLUTION

What is the cause of the *Revolutionary World Mind?* And why at this point of our collective evolution is the whole globe erupting in spontaneous outbursts of revolutionary ardour? Not because of faster communications to be sure. Do you suppose that the mental-freedom fighters all over the world have any more idea of what's going on in everybody else's scene, than local revolutionaries do of what's *really* going on in theirs?

Thank God for the love of you Gardeners of the Soul in these times of planetary insanity and power-mania. You are the real revolutionaries for this age—*the guerrillas of the inner planes*—working from the grass roots of your own deep Selves and not from the manufactured minds of those around you. There is nothing revolutionary about the normal run of revolutions. The rise and inevitable fall of earthly revolutions over the centuries have been products of involvement with the normal life-cycle pattern of birth-growth-decay-death to which all material things in this visible universe are subject, from microscopic mineral molecules to man. But beyond this birth-growth-decay-death syndrome lies the unchanging, undying, eternal PRINCIPLE of BEING, the discovery and use of which is where the real New Age revolution is at! And those Gardeners who are delving their inner-Gardenworlds today, are the only combined force of LIGHT keeping this world in a relative state of equilibrium, by combating the negative forces being poured into the atmosphere from the Mordor-minds of the soul-sick.

Such a concept may seem hard to take, but it is reinforced from a very unexpected quarter. One of the few impartial wise-men of this world, U Thant, who holds the most un-mystical position of United Nations Secretary, has stated many times that it is *only the meditators on this earth who are preventing the planet from descending into complete chaos.* He is aware that small groups of such people, who are tuning in to the *Cosmic Self,* are stretched in a thin web over the entire face of the earth, at distances no greater than approximately fifty miles apart. And he maintains that this is a vital factor in retaining the condition of sanity for the future of the planet.

But how does he come to such a conclusion? The fact is that our thoughts have far more power and duration than we can imagine. And concentrated thought-power creates MIND REVOLUTION—both within ourselves and in the WORLD BRAIN. Everything that exists, makes sounds, or thinks, is *cosmically being recorded* in the "ether", a "force-field" of subtle substance which appears to be of another dimension, and which is constantly receiving impressions and retaining them in the manner of film emulsion or magnetic tape. But since the "breadth" of the "etheric field" permeates both our atmosphere and space, the playback extends to the whole of the universe!

After taking photographs of an empty parking lot from a helicopter, two American architects were staggered to discover on the negatives, the images of hundreds of cars which had vacated the spot some six hours earlier. So the "etheric imprint" of the automobiles had somehow remained "suspended" in the "atmosphere" of the parking area for at least six hours before the photo's were taken. Similarly one sometimes "sees" or "feels" the presence of someone in a chair after they have gone out of the room, sensing the "etheric imprint" which still occupies the same space.

It has now been found that sound is also freakishly suspended in a similar way. At an annual luncheon of the School of Infantry, Brigadier Tony Arengo-Jones told of an amazing occurence that he and many others experienced while on a military exercise on Salisbury plain, around Imber village near

Warminster. All radios in armoured cars, tanks, walkie-talkies, etc., were tuned to operate on a specific frequency for restricted use. But during the manoeuvres they began to pick up strange nautical commands to "open up broadsides on enemy frigates" and the like, which disrupted the whole exercise. It became evident that messages were being intercepted from warships engaged in battle-exercise in the English Channel off Portsmouth, some eighty-odd miles away. Later, top Army Brass sent in a stiff complaint to the Naval High Command for using their radio frequency and were told that there had been no sea-manoeuvres that day. The Navy was soon presented with evidence taken down by the Army wireless operators as to the positions of various ships and their battle orders. After consulting their records of nautical exercises, the Naval Authorities made the staggering discovery that they *were* in fact responsible for that particular exercise—but it had taken place *six weeks before*!

KARMIC VIBRATIONS

It is not yet known whether "historical sound" of this nature is diffused throughout the "atmosphere", or whether it collects at certain magnetic nodal points on the earth to be tapped at any time. But just as currently beamed radio waves exist everywhere, so human bodies are giving off their own "radio" waves which we call "vibrations". Everyone has experienced this phenomenon to a certain limited degree without thinking very much about it. We have to be extremely insensitive not to detect the vibrations of someone close to us. If they are in a dark or depressed mood, or seething with anger or lust, or radiant with love, we can easily pick up their emotional vibrations at such short range and often allow ourselves to be caught up with whatever is coming off them. This is especially so when our own vibration at the time is of a negative or passive character. Then we are overwhelmed by the more powerful vibration. We tend to absorb it and this begins to generate the same mood within us. But to be overcome by negative moods such as fear, anger, violence, greed, lust, envy, hate, frustration, etc., is not only damaging to ourselves (by causing poisonous toxins to be produced by the body which are released into the bloodstream, manifesting in all kinds of un- or dis-ease; from simple things like dandruff or spots, to internal pains and malignant growth —depending on the amount of wrong thinking indulged in) but it is radiating out from us in *every direction* to all living organisms. As the music of the Beatles or Beethoven is floating throughout the earth and is available wherever there is a radio to pick up the vibration and translate it back into sound, so the good or bad vibrations escaping from each person on the planet are producing a collective atmosphere or "planetary psyche" which is unconsciously picked-up by the human antenna (believed to be the pituitary gland in the skull). And how much more sensitive is the natural human receiver than the mechanical radio or television? It is ceaselessly sending out and receiving the universal "programmes" from the instant of its conception to the moment of bodily death.

THE COSMOLOGICAL TIME-CYCLE

In the same way as our emotional vibrations are released into the world, so our *thoughts* gather in the "etheric field", awaiting the tuning in of other minds. It is not accident, chance or newspaper sensationalism which has caused revolution to awaken in people's minds throughout the earth at the same time. The whole universe is permeated with the thought and wherever there is life, there will be a great unrest going on. The urge for relief of growing tensions is boiling in hundreds of thousands of people, no matter how culturally diverse their nations may be, although there are some races as a *whole* which are not so developed on the mental-levels and will not be working on the same evolutionary-period wavelength as the human mass in general. Therefore they will not pick up on the happenings of more advanced mind-levels very well, if at all. That is left to the prophets who are always far more "sensitised" and can tune in to "newly released" knowledge from ethereal realms many years in advance of the level of comprehension of their contemporaries.

Men of a higher mental rate of vibration often discover that they are, or have been, working on the same ideas, or field of thought as their fellow-researchers in other parts of the globe. This 20th century was the time for the "cosmological re-release" of information from the ether, on the nature of the atom and how to harness its energy for power. (There are sanskrit texts written well over six thousand years ago, which accurately and scientifically explain the nature of the atom—and many other things which scientists are only now beginning to discover). Einstein's mind was the first to grasp this "new" knowledge, and as to be expected, he was derided and considered an idiot by nearly all other scientific "authorities" of the world, until his discoveries were perverted for the destruction of Hiroshima. But as such knowledge spreads in the ether, other minds of a like nature cannot help but pick up the vibrations and begin to work on the same lines. Even though no militarily valuable scientific secrets are given away today, every nation with sufficient capital is managing to develop its own diabolical bombs and bacteria. It is ludicrous to imagine that any country can keep a secret monopoly of the possibilities of the universe when it has become cosmologically time for man to utilise them. And still governments continue to spend thousands of pounds on farcical "security measures" creating incredibly evil vibrations from those who are involved. Anyone who has come up against such people, or "Special Branch" types, or certain types of detective, police, prison warders, or even Mafia-style park-keepers (as in Parliament Hill Fields, London) will understand what horrific minds can be produced by the custodians of "security" in any form.

Couple those vibrations with those of the warmongers of the earth and all uniformed thugs and sadists, the petty "tin-god" bureaucrats, the butchers and animal slaughterers, the paid killers of nations trained to the point of mass insanity to willingly march off in their millions to slaughter another few million people they know nothing about—and then consider the amount of negativity that that lot is pouring into the atmosphere. It is not difficult to realise why so many sensitive minds are going out of control, and so many nervous breakdowns are occurring in ever-increasing numbers.

It is small wonder then, that the first sound a new-born child makes on entering this world takes the form of a cry. Could it be that it catches the sudden overwhelming negativity of mankind's collective vibration? Have you ever stopped to think why its first breath should not be a laugh? A gurgling shout of joy and delight?

THE EARTHLY REVOLUTION

Before the Golden Age can happen in our visible world (and it is already happening on the *inner planes*—the seeds are sown and germinating—and many of us are living there and here at-One-ment) it must be consciously lived in the hearts and minds of those who understand. They have to act as channels by projecting the future lifestyle so strongly into the "etheric recording field" that it will be picked up unconsciously by more and more people as this *Age of Consciousness* develops. This is the only form of revolution that will be of any lasting use.

When has earthly revolution ever done any good? Here and there no doubt it has made a few temporary changes for the

It's not a scene from a futuristic film on fascism
but police in front of the San Francisco State College library

Peoples' International News Service

MIND REVOLUTION

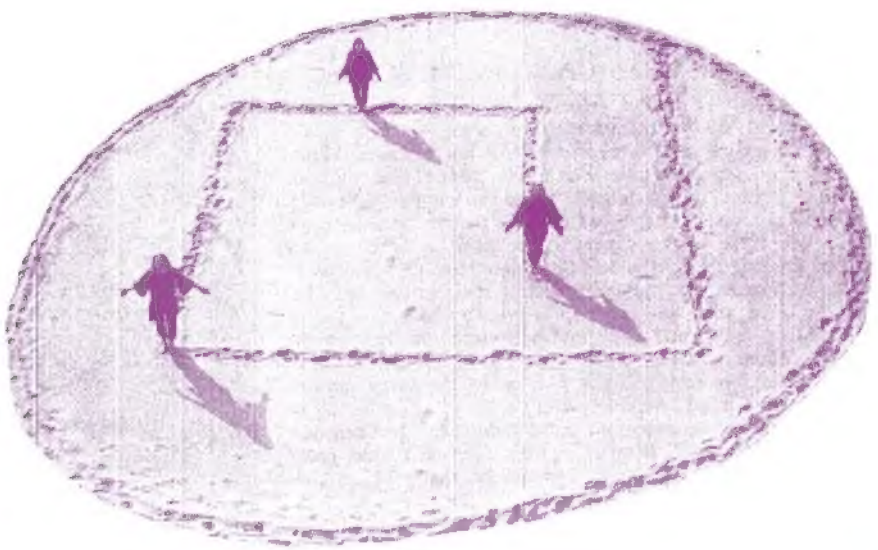
better, but because revolutions have in the past been based on anything *but* love (the motivational power of the universe) by the majority of the people, the real essence of change, which is the evolution to a higher state of being, has remained relatively static despite the considerable outerwordly technological evolution.

So many unhappy revolutionaries want to change the surface appearance of things while their own depths are still sick. This is exactly the method of those doctors who do not cure the disease, but pump drugs into the body which temporarily cover up the symptoms until the putrescence breaks out again in another form at a later date. Too many people want to change the world without getting rid of their own psychological hang-ups first. And so revolutions by such people are always doomed to failure. Whatever vibrations are sent out, by those who want to overthrow a system, are bound to be picked up to some degree by those they oppose and are absorbed into their emotive-thinking mechanisms, and vice-versa, and so the cosmic implications have to be grasped that *beyond the material world*—THEY ARE THE OTHERS! And whatever mental hang-ups they still have will be picked up and reinforced by those "others"—so perpetuating the ghastly situation endlessly.

Take any revolution in history. Study the aims and ideals behind it and then look at today's conditions in the place it occurred. What happened in every case? Need we ask? How long did it take before the revolutionaries become the power-seekers and glory-boys? How many years before the mass of Grey-minds absorbed and smothered the irritant rash of idealism and resumed control? That's why it's so saddening to see the plastic flower-children of yestersummer becoming the plastic revolutionaries of today. Sooner plastic-love than plastic-hate. But man the barricades, hurl your brick-bats and invectives, break a few windows, burn some cars, loot some shops, get a few heads busted, shoot a few people, you grey revolutionaries—and reach that mythical "freedom" we all seek—and in a few weeks, months, years, we'll be back where we started. The true revolution has to occur in the heart first—not from the intellect's borrowed ideals. Have we got it worked out how the world can be run once it is taken over? Does everybody know what to do? The majority *has* to know if the whole thing is not to fail. And unless the mass-mind is nurtured to understand the principles of this *Cosmic Renaissance of Consciousness* then men will be unable to work in genuine harmony on a unified earth.

Let's get our priorities right. Involvement in politics is death to any idealism. Concessions always have to be made. To try and fight the system on its own terms is to become enmeshed. What political party has ever retained its beliefs once in power? Or has done what it originally promised? Any one party can only be infinitismally better than the next, since both think on the same level—that of GOVERNING. And to govern means that, on such a large scale as nationwide control, decisions have of necessity to be made without the consent of the governed, otherwise nothing would get done because of the conflicting interests of the haves and have-nots. Governments intentionally perpetuate the US and THEM syndrome (and that's another of their games we have to drop out of) otherwise they and their big business cronies would have to become US and work to the will of the people. As it is, it is more convenient to stick labels and clobber "dirty hippies", "foreign elements", "subversives", "hooligan students", "communists", "ban-the-bombers", etc., rather than frighten the public by beating "ordinary citizens" or humans who want to be free. If man was allowed to run his own affairs on a local scale doing exactly what he wanted with his own immediate environment in co-operation with his fellows, then he would feel alive again, with a sense of purpose and meaning through involvement with his own small existence. Worst of all, he might gain happiness and contentment.

If everyman were to firstly concentrate on understanding how to run *himself*, then this phase of existence would rapidly evolve, in an understanding of each other's true relationship and needs. The meditators and Soul Gardeners of the world are doing just this. And that is why it is happening. It is people such as YOU who are creating the new *Renaissance of Consciousness* rather than the Caucus Race of rock-throwing Old-Age revolution. And we love you for it.



TO THE EARTH AND BACK

The massive, unpronounceable effects of the moonshot have yet to manifest themselves. Probably all the people who have access to a communication medium have experienced the overwhelming journey that has been successfully completed. A journey that has driven humanity out of this world, a journey that has driven humanity out into space. But far more exhilarating and consummate. A journey that has driven humanity *out of its mind.*

It seems probable that the moonshot carried out with amazing ease the *Revolution of Mind* that we have been predicting for so long.

Man has become consciously aware of his *Real* situation. Man has become conscious of exactly where its at. Man has become aware of the nagging question, *is there life on Earth?*

Man, since consciousness dictates, mystifies his cosmic experience in a one-dimensional spatial manner. Man's experience of his world and the Universe is doctrinated for him in inherited, quasi-archetypal one-dimensional spatial relationships. These relationships are sourced in abstracted mythologies and other forms of hypothetical experimental reference. In other words, man's feeling and orientation of his planet and the Universe has been fragmented into the familial, communal and social schemata. Each of these fragmentations are dependent on the others for the credibility of any one of them.

WILHELM REICH:

"Tradition is in the habit of forgetting that it has lost the ability to judge that which is not tradition. There would be the highest respect for that which is handed down, and no hatred of it, if youth, freely and without danger, could say; this we take over from you, for it is strong and honest and still in keeping with our times and capable of development. But the other we cannot take over. It was true and useful in your time, but it has become useless for us."

Tradition in all its guises has dictated that man follows a course of flagrant bestiality toward his fellow man.

Tradition has inoculated man with an insensibility to the inhuman atrocities that are performed daily on this Earth in the traditional name of his society. Man is now incapable of feeling involvement in the chaotic and pernicious structures that he erected so that he may kill and pillage the rest of this Earth's beings. Mankind has now entered a state of mass-catatonia. The ultimate phase in alienation and mystification. This is the source of all the hells that are raging right now. This is the causation mechanism of this diabolical and satanic existence of ours. We are now viewing and adjusting ourselves into dealing with humans and the Universe on a de-personalised plane. THEY have suddenly nothing to do with us. IT has become anything existing outside our own skins. This is your hell, this is the fringe total-alienation, this is where all and everybody dissolves into a gibbering onanistic heap. This is where 1984 suddenly transcends into 1969 and all the days past and all the days future. This is the place where everyone becomes a number, a man from the next town. A man from the next country. This is where racialism, nationalism and all the other scourges of humanity are at. It's almost too late Baby. You're talking about yourself, but do you know who you are?

This is the situation where the mystic, the priest and any others with cosmic pretensions must come down and face the fires that are raging now.

This is the place where you haven't a hope in hell. THIS IS HELL.

The moonshot threw a new perspective on this old planet. We have now to face up to our dualities and thrust for the middle path, the liberating light of the new consciousness. We have set

up various structures with which to run our earthly affairs. Now the structures are running out. We must abandon them. Drop-out.

This is the time to take a new view, a cool view, an appraisal. We must look to our sciences, to our technologies, to our creative and organic fields. We must look and see if we are there, or here?

Are we capable of living in peace on this Earth? Are we capable of loving in a human fashion? Are we capable of sustaining a joyous, happy Earthly existence with our fellow men? Can we attain the phase when life becomes something more than this affair that we have now? We know we could answer all these questions in the affirmative, but this would be conjecture. When are we actually going to make it happen?

There is nobody to protest to about our present predicament. There is nowhere that you can demonstrate outside this planet. There are no petitions and nowhere you can hand them in. We are running the whole sick show, from top to bottom, from inside to outside. We must realise this and we must act. Not against one another. But with each other. We must act now for yesterday it was too late . . . for some Earth beings.

Buckminster Fuller maintains that he lives on the Earth, which is a space-ship.

HE IS RIGHT.

How come some of the crew aren't getting any rations?

How come some of the crew are fighting between themselves about the correct way to think about their cabins?

How come some of the crew have deserted the ship?

There isn't really a crew. Nor a captain. There's nowhere to go, and if there were we could go there. We're right there Baby, it's no good discovering the moon.

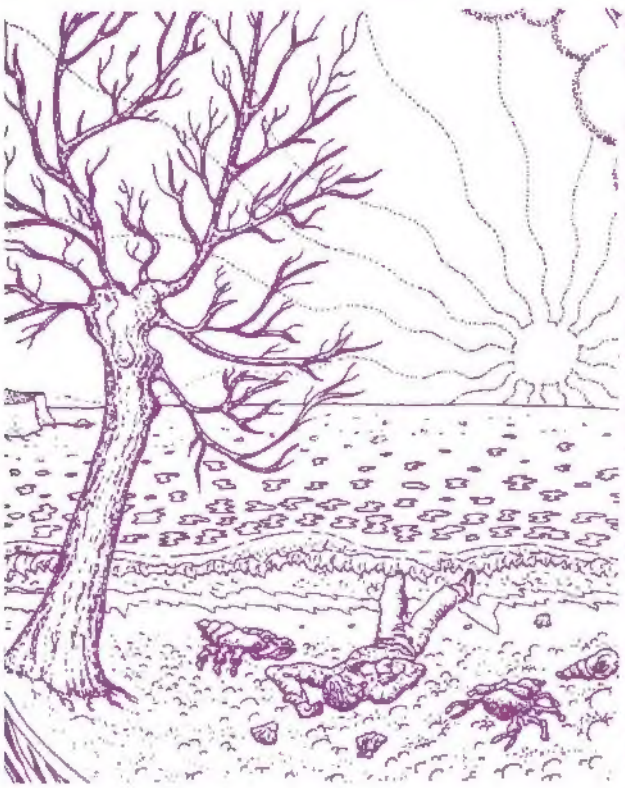
You know what the scenes going to be up there. As soon as we put our system on it.

There is no escape. There is no liberation. Unless you want to try?

Marshall McLuhan has shown that we live in a global village. HE IS RIGHT.

If you look at the moonshot pictures, then think of the violence and hate. You can see that it's no good living at the other end of town. Where is it? Yes the moonshot gave us a new perspective. From the fourth dimension. Take a good look at the pictures of Earth then remember that you are crawling around somewhere on it. Go out into the street and take a look at the sky. You are the middle path. You are the way out of this situation. You are your own liberator. Do it. Now.

HAPT



RENAISSANCE

Wednesday morning early he rose with the Sun. Awake! Awake! The gulls are crying. Alone along the morning beach he walked, his hands in his pockets, his eyes to the ground. Sand still wet from the retreating tide swelled up around his feet. Myriad seaweed and stones met his glance. The gulls curled about his head, shouting to the Sun, and shouting to the fishermen returning home. He closed his eyes and watched the Sun turn his eyelids red. He blinked rapidly and was fascinated by the flashing effect produced. He thought of the night before, the long hours behind the sand dunes. The way the coarse dune grass had been soft to his back. The way the stars had stared at him. The way he had stared back.

He sat on a stone by a rock pool and splashed his bare feet in the water. He got up again and avoided treading on a jellyfish. His eyes bent inland and his feet followed. Soon he was walking among grass and trees. His soft naked feet were unaffected by sharp twigs and thistles. At midday he settled himself down under an oak tree and closed his eyes. There was nothing to see on his eyelids, so he opened his eyes just a little and watched the blurred, dark green shapes around him. *It is nearly time*, he thought.

He dug his hand into his pocket and pulled out a map of Southampton. From his other pocket he took an eraser and quietly wiped Southampton off the map. *The day's task is complete*, he thought, *it is nearly time*. A sparrow settled on his shoulder and whispered in his ear. *Tomorrow Bristol*. He laughed a soft laugh as the sparrow flew off and the grass laughed back. The trees took up the laugh and within a moment the entire wood was ringing with laughter.

No time for frivolity now, he said, *I have a forest to plant in Birmingham, and grass to cultivate in Manchester*. But his voice was happy and the trees knew their friend was happy. The laughter continued, it was a happy time. He sang. And the song was in the language of grass, and trees, and silver tinkling streams. And his voice was soft but carried far, and even the swallows high above the wood joined in. One of the trees said, *That is one of the old songs, a song we sang before the birth of Man.*

You will hear it again, he said, *Now I must go, I must report. I shall return tomorrow*. And saying this, he removed his clothes, and behold! he was silver and green and he shone in the Sunlight. And the wood was dazzled by the reflection on his golden wings. And his golden hair fell about him, and trailed behind him like a cloud as he soared upward through the trees to join the swallows in the sky. *Come follow!* he called to the swallows, *there is work to be done and the seagulls are waiting!*

Rod Brookes

LEAF TALK

Photo by COLIN BORD

This was written at the request of many readers in search of ways to open up conversations with lonely-looking people in the parks and gardens of an inhibited world.

Whatever happened to the magic of psychedelic summers past when we could walk out in the streets and know that anyone with hair and timeless garb was one of ourselves in the evolving Brotherhood of the Spirit? Time was when a friend was anyone who caught our eye as they passed, in the joyous recognition of each other as fellow conspirators of Love. Good vibrations bounced between us all and spurred each other on with hope for the world in the subtle Movement of free souls. Each of us instinctively understanding that expressing love for our fellow man will always undermine the fear-and-apprehension tactics of control by uncivil servants and those who are in power. (Try bombarding a civil servant or a boss with heartfelt words and love—and watch him sweat!)

But since hip gear and hairstyles have become the "in-thing" nowadays, it's hard to tell a Brother of the Spirit from a "plastic hippie", until you try to greet him. And often, even "seeming straights" respond with far more soul than those in trendy clothes with earthbound minds minus the vision of a New World and without the sense of togetherness. And this, along with other infiltrating factors on the Scene, seems to have caused an uncertainty to creep into our street communications.

Naturally those instant greetings are still happening but not with everyman the way it used to be. Too often we experience those "near-misses". An intended recognition which doesn't quite come off—and our other selves pass by in the corners of our eyes, momentarily unsure themselves, a fraction of a second too late to communicate.

For the sake of everyone we cannot afford to let this happen. The old Colonial system, which worked for far too long, was to "Divide and Conquer". Make people distrustful of each other and they are easier to rule. We find the same thing happening at home, an incredible alienation of people from each other by bureaucratic manipulation. They may even be unaware of what they are doing, but it is happening all the same. And if we allow this divisive element to take root in our minds then we are done for. Too many people in a citified environment now take it as an affront to be approached by another human being needing to communicate. This "citification" is a subtle grey creeping horror enveloping the mindspheres of the planet.

In less "civilised" countries, the people have a natural lack of barriers and instantly recognise a travelling stranger as a brother and friend. Even in the country districts of your own country you will find the same response. Xenophobia is a predominantly Western sickness, slowly encroaching its mind-games into all of citified humanity as the Spectre of 1984 approaches.

Modern man is getting more and more paranoid when approached by a stranger, a fellow human. And unless the conventional conversation openers about the weather, or late trains and buses are used, then human contact is taboo. Many of us on the Scene are sensitive and shy, or hung-up with western inhibitions, so if we find it difficult even to SMILE at each other in the streets, then how can we hope to turn on unwilling straights? How can we make contact? How many times have we been alone and seen someone we would have liked to talk to if only we had the opportunity? If only we had thought of something to say. Somehow our straight society conditioning has got under the skin. We have to learn to approach each other without fear of rebuff. Supposing we had a SYMBOL of COMMUNICATION which would make words unnecessary?

The poem by Adrian Mitchell (GG issue 3), in which the poet stands outside a supermarket handing out leaves from a tree to the passers-by as a form of communication, suggests an ideal answer.

Why not use a LEAF as our SYMBOL of COMMUNICATION? Supposing you see someone you like the look of, male or female, go over and hand them a leaf. Just an ordinary fallen leaf from a tree. There is no need to denude the parks and gardens by giving a flower and getting the growers uptight. Besides, spiritually a flower is a sign of parting not meeting. An Indian guru will hand a flower to a devotee when he feels it is time for him or her to leave and puts his parting blessing into it, that they may carry his love with them. But a simple tree leaf will not be missed by anyone and may mean the first human contact in a long grey day, week or month even, to the one who receives it.

So if you see anyone you would like to talk to, walk over and silently hand them a leaf. Then wait expectantly. If they are *Underground* or *Overground* orientated they will smile and understand. If they are ordinary *Upground* dwellers, they will look blank and say "*What's this then?*" Whatever happens you have made contact. And then you can explain the CONVERSATION LEAF as a Symbol of Human Contact. The bolder among us might use any other approach such as: "*This is a leaf from Gandalf's Garden*" or "*I'm handing you love in the form of a leaf*" or you could show them both sides then say, "*I'm turning over a new leaf and speaking to strangers*" or "*It means I like the look of you and would like to talk*". Either way, the ice is broken and you'll suddenly find yourself in conversation. Keep a copy of the *Garden* handy if you need a follow-up.

If someone really wants to be on their own, then they can hand the leaf back, meaning: "*I'm sorry but I don't want to be disturbed*". Don't be put off by uptight chicks or incomprehending males. Keep on trying until CONVERSATION LEAVES become a natural part of this generation's *Ritual Consciousness*.

You may be one of those who can't see themselves handing anyone a leaf, or be the one who always hands it back again. If that's so—that says a lot about you. Think hard and discover your reasons. Either you have the ability to communicate easily with strangers—or it could be that you are not as free from the prison of your own mind as you thought.

A sincere SYMBOL of COMMUNICATION has long been needed by many of us, and now even the shy have a readymade conversation piece. Try it—it works! A smile is enough recognition of brotherhood as you pass by on the streets—but elsewhere, both chicks and guys can take the initiative by flooding the parks and squares this year with LEAF-TALK. Try turning on lonely old folk on park benches with a CONVERSATION LEAF. Let them know where we're at. Break the Straightworld's mindbonds and communicate! Turn over a new leaf this summer. And write and let us know how you get on.

The mystic Initiation of Gandalf

Although Tolkien himself denies any allegories in the trilogy of the "Rings", there is still a wealth of conscious or subconscious symbolism interwoven throughout. For those who read with insight, P. H. Senior presents a provocative interpretation on the theme of "Initiation".

Perhaps one of the most basic and important themes which runs between the lines of *The Lord of the Rings* is that of initiation. Not just one initiation—many initiations, and each serves in some way to justify, to explain and illumine the other.

Not all these initiations are readily apparent to the casual reader or to the reader whose perception is limited strictly to the most obvious and literal interpretations. A number of them are, however, outstanding, and that of Gandalf is an obvious first choice.

If the book is read carefully it will be noticed that, although it is constructed of archetypal and eternal elements, these elements grow or change in subtle ways. The characters live because they change and mature. Not only does Tolkien present us with a constantly changing environment but he also allows the inhabitants of that environment, multitudinous as they are, to grow and change with it. Too many fictional landscapes contain static characters. Neither *Middle-Earth* nor its inhabitants are static; they evolve, and they do this by means of the initiatory process.

From the very first, Gandalf enters the scene as a wizard, an adept of magic, and yet the Gandalf of the first few chapters of *The Lord of the Rings* is a very different person from the Gandalf of *The Hobbit*—but only because his real meaning and purpose is now revealed. Yet even so he changes, and this change is brought about by his own "initiation" in *Khazad Dhum*. The *Mines of Moria* are of course a perfect symbol of the Abyss. The Bridge has many levels of interpretation, but where Gandalf is concerned the Bridge constitutes the razor-edge Path from the manifest Universe to the Unmanifest—beyond the Misty Mountains. He does not cross, because his duty lies in Middle Earth until the King is established in his Kingdom. Gandalf remains behind to wrestle with the horror that emerges from the Qliphothic depths of the sewers of the universe, and he is victorious. His fight may well be an inner struggle objectified—but there is little value in straining after the distinction between subjective and objective. He undergoes his initiation and suffers, as all initiates must do, and emerges a changed man. This change is symbolised in a concrete way by his assumption of pure white robes and also his name—Mithrandir. This, we are told, was his real name from the beginning but it is used much more often now. Gandalf himself did not at first identify himself with *that* name when he met up with the others in Fangorn Forest—an indication that he had undergone a process of dis-identification with his old self. Mithrandir is Gandalf, and Gandalf is Mithrandir, but the one name is exoteric and the other esoteric, a difference which is emphasised by the sheer poetry of the latter and the homely flavour of the former.

If we doubt the power which is given form and expression as Gandalf we have only to recall how often he changed the course of events by his mere presence—not just physical presence, but mental and spiritual presence also. After his initiation he defeats from afar the power of the Eye as Frodo sits in the Seat of Seeing—yet *he does not dominate Frodo's mind*. That is a very important point.

"The two powers strove in him. For a moment, perfectly balanced between their piercing points, he writhed, tormented. Suddenly he was aware of himself again. Frodo, neither the Voice nor the Eye, free to choose. . . ."

Here is the crux of the matter. The Black Master will compel, and use his mind to dominate. The White Brother will only offer a suggestion—backed as it is by the whole good-will of the Hierarchy-which may be accepted or rejected. Gandalf's suggestion was urgent, demanding, but it still left Frodo free to choose!—it helped him because it forced his mind to that point of perfect balance where the Self could tip the scales in the cause of Right. The Voice of Gandalf initiated Frodo into the use of his own Will, without dependence on that of another. Moreover only an initiate *can* initiate!

This brings us to the question of the other evolutions in *The Lord of the Rings*: the Elves, Dwarves, Hobbits and Animal Kingdom. The latter is especially represented by the Eagles and by the horse Shadowfax. It will be remembered that it was an Eagle which rescued Gandalf from the pinnacle of *Orthanc*; an Eagle which rescued him from *Celebdil* after his initiation in *Khazad Dhum*, and it was also the Eagles which rescued Frodo and Sam from *Orodruin*—under Gandalf's instructions. The Eagle is a symbol of man's aspirations, and the airy heights of abstract idealism. On the Kabbalistic Tree of Life the Eagle is associated with the Sun Centre of Tiphareth, which means Harmony or Beauty. It was Harmony and Beauty which rescued Gandalf after his mental and spiritual anguish upon *Orthanc* and later upon *Celebdil*. Gandalf had seen and felt, with his powers of clairvoyance and clairsentience, the sorrow of the Planetary Being, the Earth Mother, and it was only by accepting this painful identification and thus rising above it to the calm heights of spiritual Knowledge and Beauty and Hope that he could once more take up his destiny, but this time with added strength and power. The following quotation will, I think, justify this interpretation of Gandalf's experience:

"I was alone, forgotten, without escape upon the hard horn of the world. There I lay staring upward, while the stars wheeled over, and each day was as long as a life-age of the Earth. Faint to my ears came the gathered rumour of all lands: the springing and the dying, the song and the weeping, and the slow everlasting groan of overburdened stone. And so at last Gwaihir and Windlord found me again, and took me up and bore me away."

...as been said that the Greater Initiations are more pre-termed Identifications, and I think the above is a fictional ... of such Identification—not with the self or personality ... entire Planetary Life and Karma thereof ... of Shadowfax? Here we see how the elemental ... once overcome, may be used to speed the Initiate on ... The Animal Kingdom is dependent on man for its ...tion, but man is also dependent upon his right use of the ...s for his own spiritual and, indeed, physical progress. ... Principle which expresses Itself through the Animal ...m is to be found working in the Microcosm as well as ...cosm. The Animal is in man, and only when he has ... neither to ignore and reject it, nor to ...se selfishly ... lessly this Mother-Principle will he find happiness in ...Shadowfax serves Gandalf, serves but is not dominated ...m, and this again is the type of relationship which ought ...t between the two Kingdoms, and it surely will exist ...Man is initiated as a group.

...he idea of a brotherly relationship between an *initiated* ...anity and the non-human Kingdoms is also given expres... through the Fellowship of the Ring. Here a Dwarf ...repre...ing the Mineral Kingdom and the Gnomes, an Elf rep...resenting the Vegetable Kingdom and the Devas, four Hobbits representing the Animal Kingdom, and two Men, are led by Gandalf, the Initiate. Whether the tale will bear such interpretation is not mine to say, I merely suggest, and if these stimulating symbols are used in creative meditation much light may be ...ed on the relationships between the human and non-human ...ingdoms, and also on the question of their respective initia...

The Gardeners do not necessarily agree with all the author's conclusions but present them as an awakener for re-reading the trilogy with the stimulus of a new

Keep You The Law.

This is to do unto others as
You would have them do to you
At all times. In all circumstances
Until mankind can do this thing
And so keep the Law, so will
Mankind make no progress
If you be of bad humour and with sour countenance
Then go to a quiet place and there dispel your darkness
Or if in your discontent, you cast a shadow
Upon the brightness of your neighbour's day
Then you have broken the Law
And committed sin against all Mankind
For know you not that every ripple upon a pool of water
Reaches every part of the rim?
So your darkness cast upon others
Can by the Law you have broken
Cast darkness upon countless others.
Except this one thing
That if the one upon whom you cast your darkness
Be one who knows the Law and keeps it,
Then this one will return you brightness
And will help you to know and keep that Law.
It is only the conscious Mind of Man which makes
The very simplicity of the Law
Seem insurmountably difficult

Anonymously received in the post

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EMPEDOKLES OF AKRAGAS (484-424 B.C.)

- Examine by every means, each thing how it is clear, neither putting greater faith in anything seen than in what is heard, nor in a thundering sound more than in the clear assertions of the tongue, nor keep from trusting any of the other members in which there lies means of knowledge, but know each thing in the way in which it is clear.
- And the elements never cease changing place continually, now being all united by Love into one, now each borne apart by the hatred engendered of strife.
- Will ye not cease from evil slaughter? See ye not that ye are devouring each other in heedlessness of mind?
- Refrain entirely from laurel leaves

I NEED ENLIGHTENMENT LIKE I NEED A HOLE IN THE HEAD

Trepanning or Trephining involves the removal of a section of the skull to alleviate pressure on the brain. More than ten thousand (10,000) trepanned skulls have been found in Peruvian graves, and in many of these the renewed bone tissue is eloquent proof that the patient survived. A particularly high percentage of trepanned skulls have been found at coastal Paracas Cavernas and date from roughly 400 BC.

From *Fair Gods & Stone Faces*, by Constance Irwin.

□

The ancient art of "Trepanation" (known as the "THIRD EYE" operation) has been brought up to date by BART HUGES, a medical student who believed he had discovered a method by which he could increase the "brainbloodvolume" in the "talking hairless ape" and thereby increase the number of brain centres which could function simultaneously. In order to prove his theory, after a lack of interest by the surgical profession, he drilled a hole in his own skull with an ordinary electric power tool. HUGES relates his experiences to interviewer JOE MELLIN, who was so turned on by what he learned that he later underwent the same operation.

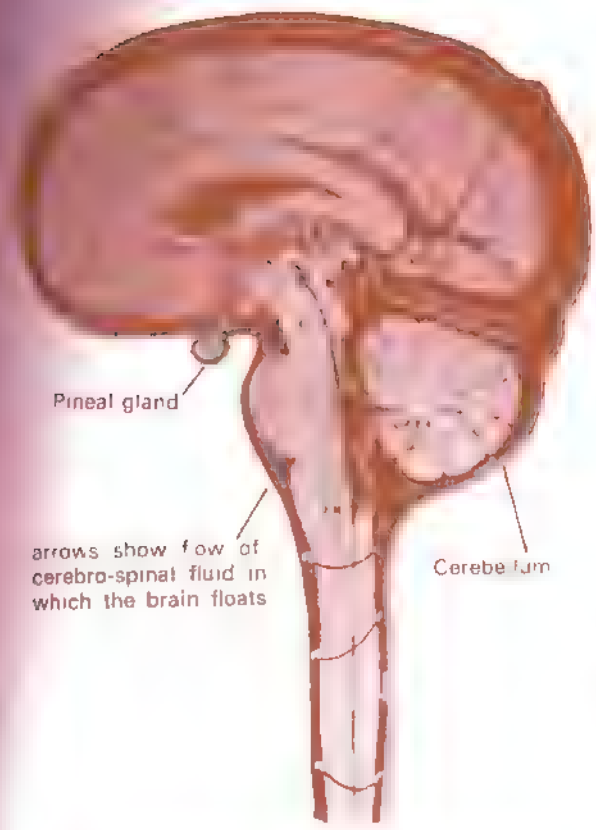
Trepanation has been used by various cultures since time out of mind. The holes found in many skulls in Inca tombs suggests that the operation was once part of an initiation into a Higher Order. It is still practised in parts of Tibet and Central Africa.

M: You were born in Amsterdam on the 21st April, 1934. Your father was a doctor, as his before him. Your mother died when you were two and a half years old. When Holland was occupied by the Nazis you were six. What are your memories of the war?

H. Well individually I had a good time as children do. I remember the hunger and the disappearance of Jewish friends, and once the Germans came to arrest my father because he had refused to become a member of the "Kulturzimmer". He hid under a sofa in his waiting-room. The Germans waited for a long time, sitting on him. I remember seeing my grandfather at the end of the war. He had oedema of the legs caused by lack of protein; they were puffed-up with water. He was completely starved. At the age of 85 he had been eating grass and leaves from the wood behind his house. That was all there was to eat. Liberation meant food—and then uniforms in the streets, handing out chocolate to the children.

M: At school what were your main interests?

H: I had many interests: girls—I had twenty-five girlfriends when I was eleven; marbles—in the last year of the war I won a lot of money at marbles, selling back those I won and buying ice creams for my girlfriends. I am



THE BRAIN & CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM

many animals, mainly reptiles and amphibians. At eleven I had fifty snakes, lizards, toads, frogs, newts, etc. At eighteen the number was three hundred and eighty-five—that's the most I've had at the same time. I was fond of drawing and painting in water-colours, and after fourteen I spent more time on my homework, had one girlfriend, played table tennis and chess. The last three years at school (from seventeen to twenty) were boring. I slept through the classes waiting for them to end. At that time I read a lot, mainly philosophy—Plato, Nietzsche, Freud, Pavlov, Hesse, etc. My interest in reading was awakened by Henk, who gave me a course of books to read. He was the only adult with whom I had contact and my confidence in them was badly shaken when he committed suicide.

M: On leaving school you started your medical studies. Why did you decide to do that?

H: My original idea (as a child) to study biology developed into a study of the hairless, talking ape. I wanted to specialise in psychiatry and psychoanalysis and then teach the subject.

M: When did you first take LSD?

H: In 1958, as a subject in a series of psychiatric experiments at the Psychiatric Department of the University Hospital in Amsterdam.

M: Did you take sugar?

H: No, because I hadn't discovered the mechanism then. I thought all sugarlack symptoms were essential parts of the experience.

M: Did you enjoy it?

H: Yes, though at the end I was very scared by the visual distortions (caused by sugarlack). I saw three of the doctors as a devil with horns, a pig and a chimpanzee. Six others on the experiment saw the devil and three saw the pig.

M: In 1960 you were married on the 15th March, and then continued your studies. Did you have any more LSD experiences?

H: Yes, both Barbara and I had one more experience. We both enjoyed it.

M: Did you finish your medical studies?

H: Yes, in 1962 I took the main part of the doctorate exam (the semi-arts), including psychiatry, neurology and pharmacology, and passed it. The second part (obstetrics and surgery) I took in April, 1964, and failed in a theoretical part of the obstetrics exam. I took it again in front of the same doctor (it was the final part I failed—a ten minute oral exam in private with one doctor) and failed again. After that the government withdrew my grant, so I decided to forget it.

M: After ten years of study?

H: Yes. I did not want to practice medicine anyway. The restrictions imposed on doctors by the profession make it intolerable.

M: When did you first smoke pot?

H: All my friends smoked and had tried unsuccessfully to turn me on, but in the summer of 1962, after I'd passed the semi-arts exam, I went on a holiday to Ibiza to find out for myself if pot has a similar effect to LSD and to see if it had any addictive qualities. In all the books I had read it appeared as a non-toxic substance. I smoked as much as I could for a while and then suddenly stopped. Noticing no withdrawal symptoms, I then started smoking again.

M: In January 1963 you had a daughter, whom you named Maria Juana. What were the reactions to that?

H: All sorts of hysterical nonsense. There were photographs of her in scandal articles, associations with orgies, declarations that my wife and I were not married, etc., etc.

M: In November, 1962 you discovered the mechanism of brainbloodvolume. What led to the discovery?

H: Having got high from smoking pot in Ibiza, I met Tuli there. He used to stand on his head at parties for considerable periods of time. When I asked him why he did it, he said it got him high. My father stood on his head every morning—"to keep fit" he said—I had always felt fit anyhow, so had seen no reason to adopt the practice myself. But now I stood on my head for a quarter of an hour and got high. In November, in Amsterdam, Gerin (who has the third eye from a car accident, and who named his daughter Mescalina) gave me some mescaline, and it was then that I got my first clear picture of the mechanism, realizing that it was the increase in the volume of brainblood that gave the expanded consciousness. An improvement of function must have been caused by more blood in the brain, which meant there must have been less of something else. Then I realized that it must be the volume of cerebrospinal fluid that was decreased.

From a medieval manuscript

M: What was the medical explanation of it at that time?

H: An unknown chemical action on the brain cells.

M: How did you discover the action?

H: Although I was aware of the effect of the action—to increase the brainbloodvolume—at that time I hadn't perceived the action itself, the constriction of the veins. I perceived that later, on LSD.

M: So once you had discovered that expanded consciousness was caused by an increase in the brainbloodvolume it was a logical step to the need for sugar with LSD, etc?

H: Yes. That brain cells take more glucose from the blood than body cells do is common knowledge in the medical profession.

M: Sugarlack is inevitable if you increase your brainbloodvolume?

H: Yes. The brain lives on glucose and oxygen, whatever anyone says about the holy ghost and spiritual bread.

I NEED ENLIGHTENMENT LIKE I NEED A HOLE IN THE HEAD

M. When did you decide to have the "third eye"?

H In prison, having checked the mechanism by perceiving the cerebro-spinal fluid in the back outside the central nervous system (after using the pressing-up method described in the scroll), I thought about making a hole at the base of the spine to let the fluid out, and while thinking about holes I realized that pressure was necessary to squeeze the cerebrospinal fluid out of the system. Then, having concluded upon the nil pressure inside the adult skull (in most people the skul, seals between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two), I saw that any hole in the bony surrounding of the system would give the pressure back. But after a time I realized a hole in the spine would heal over, so it had to be in the skul., where holes stay open

M Once you had decided to have the "third eye", what did you do?

H: One of the main reasons I wrote the scroll was to give the knowledge to the doctors. I visited about twenty professors, of psychiatry, anthropology, neuro-anatomy, etc., and their reactions were without exception negative

M What do you mean negative?

H. They were polite but unco-operative. Two surgeons said they understood the mechanism, but dared not even ask their superiors for permission to perform the operation.

M: For how long did you try to find a doctor to do it before deciding to do it by yourself?

H For two years

M: Then on January 6th, 1965, despairing of assistance from the medical profession, you operated on yourself?

H. I had planned originally to do it six months earlier, but my friends took away my tools and prevented me from operating

M So you had to conceal your intention the second time

H Yes. My wife knew I was going to do it, but no one knew when

M What tools did you use?

H. An electric drill, a surgical knife, and a hypodermic syringe for the local anaesthetic

M: How long did the operation take?

H Three-quarters of an hour

M Was there any pain?

H: No

M Not even afterwards?

H No

M How long was it before the wound healed?

H Three days

M What was the first effect you noticed?

H The appearance of pressure inside the skull. It took about four hours for the cerebrospinal fluid to be pressed out

M And now you are permanently high. How would you describe your state to someone who had never taken consciousness-expanding drugs or stood on his head for a quarter of an hour?

H I felt as I felt before the age of fourteen

M. If you are permanently high now, aren't you on a permanent sugar lack?

H The sugar-level in my blood is lower than it was, but the liver and adrenal glands have adapted to the greater need for glucose

M What happened after the operation?

H: I made it public ten days later, by having the bandage removed at a "happening". A week later I gave a press conference, before which I went to the University hospital to have an X-ray photograph taken. I was detained for an hour by two psychiatrists and released only when I promised to return the following day. I told the journalists this, but they didn't mention it in the papers. The next day I went back with two witnesses. Then ten male nurses formed a circle round me and forced me into the clinic, where I was kept involuntarily for three weeks, for "observation". The day after my release the news was announced in the press. A month later I made a television appearance, soon after which the government issued a statement—read out in the television news—to the effect that Bart Huges' scroll "Homo Sapiens Correctus" was not 99% but 100% nonsense!

M: Do you advocate the "third eye" for everyone?

H I advocate the availability of trepanation for every adult who wants it

M Who will want it?

H: Everyone who understands the mechanism. There is no reason why a single adult should be left behind if he wants to be liberated from gravity's drag

M: What you're saying is give the adult back his lost brain-blood and he will look after himself, is that right?

H: Yes. With enough blood the central nervous system is a better doctor than your doctor

M: What about diet?

H Eat a salad every day.

M: Do you think the adult state can have any advantages over the trepanned state?

H No. The older one is the more will trepanation increase the benefits of experience

M: You have said that social reform must start with the individual. Can you expand on that?

H: Gravity is the enemy. The adult is its victim—society is its disease. My problem is how to explain to the adult that he has too little blood in his brain to understand, if he has too little blood in his brain to understand that

From a painting "The Cure of Folly"
by Hieronymous Bosch

M Do you think trepanned he can create a better social system?

H I think that no construction of adults can work optimally unless each adult in the construction is trepanned

M Do you foresee many changes in a trepanned society?

H Increased efficiency in social operations, the restriction of activities to the essential, and with the restoration of originality and creativity to the adult rapid progress in technology

M Do you see a future for art?

H With a rejuvenated adult art is likely to become a common activity—no longer an "in" commercial enterprise

M You have been accused of evangelism, of coming as a Messiah. What do you think of that?

H I do really prefer my trepanned state to my previous adult state, but I am an honest man and certainly not sent by anyone

M Do you think LSD should be available to the general public?

H Only with sugar. 1 pound per trip and extra vitamin C, and in supervised centres. Supervision by those who understand the mechanism is necessary to prevent people from taking the visions of their own ignorance

M Your view is optimistic, but can you be sure that in a trepanned society the particular interests of the individual will complement each other? Might it not be merely an incitation of conflict and chaos?

H I am sure that the increase in common sense will result in an increase of co-operation. There will be less conflict and chaos because communication will depend less on the number of words and more on their meaning

M There is a lot of talk among our wilder "visionaries" about a change in the modes of communication, the substitution of colours for words for example. How about that?

H I think it a good idea to exchange the unnecessary words for colours and keep the few left for communication of information

M In the state you predict what part will be played by women?

H Trepanation will bring everyone to a better realization of his and her potentialities. In my opinion the potential functions of the central nervous system are identical in male and female

M Do you think man can now live without religion?

H Trepanned man will not find it necessary to give meanings to abstract words, or to invent new superstitions. 'Faith in the immortality of the soul' is a chain of associated meaningless words

M Is there any hope of something replacing fear as the motive impulse behind behaviour?

H Gravity is the enemy. A large part of adult behaviour is motivated by the fear of losing the grip on what blood is left in the brain. Trepanation by restoring the blood lost in the course of growth removes the main cause of fear

M In a trepanned society there will be more individuality and independence than in the previous one. What part do you see the state playing?

H I think the state should serve the individuals not vice versa. It should provide all essential needs

M How do you explain the turning to eastern doctrines and religions which the use of LSD has brought in America?

H It is a reaction to the apparent chaos of western civilization—but they don't know the mechanism so they don't take sugar. I can understand them looking elsewhere than in America seeking "the secret" in the esoteric doctrines of ancient religions—but of course there is no secret

M Do you think the mechanism has been known before?

H There are no signs that the mechanism itself has been known, though facts connected with it around it have been known—for instance yoga headstands and trepanation have always been practiced

M They knew the effect but not the cause?

H If they did know the mechanism the knowledge was never recorded

M Has trepanation been used as the cure for insanity before?

H Yes. It is described as such in the painting and writing of Hieronymous Bosch

M Why do you think the practice has died out?

H It must have got an undesirable reputation because it was known as a cure for insanity. It was probably regarded as a stigma showing that the bearer had been insane

M But it has never, to your knowledge, been used for other reasons?

H Not on a large scale. Certain ancient civilizations used it and it has been and still is a religious practice in some parts of the world. In central Africa it is used commonly for the treatment of a variety of diseases.

M The established Western view of the operation is that it constitutes mutilation and that it has no indications?

H Yes. The mechanism is unknown to the medical profession. In fact there are two indications: the general one is adulthood, the particular one is [illegible]

M Adulthood is hardly a disease, is it?

H It is the cause of very unnecessary handicap. Whether you call the lysis of pathological gravity a disease or not is irrelevant—it is certainly a loss, which can be recovered

M Is there any contra-indication?

H No. I suppose in cases of severe adulthood there might be a depression immediately after the operation in a period of retrospection

M How did you come to the realization that the Ego is a conditioned reflex?

H From the observation that other people's egos were deconditioned by prolonged sugar-lack. I concluded that the ego is a conditioned reflex

M What was it thought to be before?

H Freud gives it a place among the parts of the personality, but does not define it. Descartes said ego ergo sum and Sartre had some thoughts about it—I forget what they were

M You have been quoted in the newspaper as saying that anyone can easily trepan himself. Is this your opinion?

H In the scroll I have written "With today's knowledge of operating techniques one can easily do this by oneself." I have not written *without today's knowledge* because I did not mean that

M One last question. What is your definition of genius?

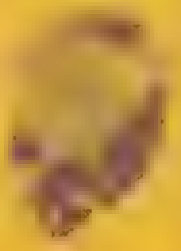
H Someone born with knowledge of the difference between no and yes

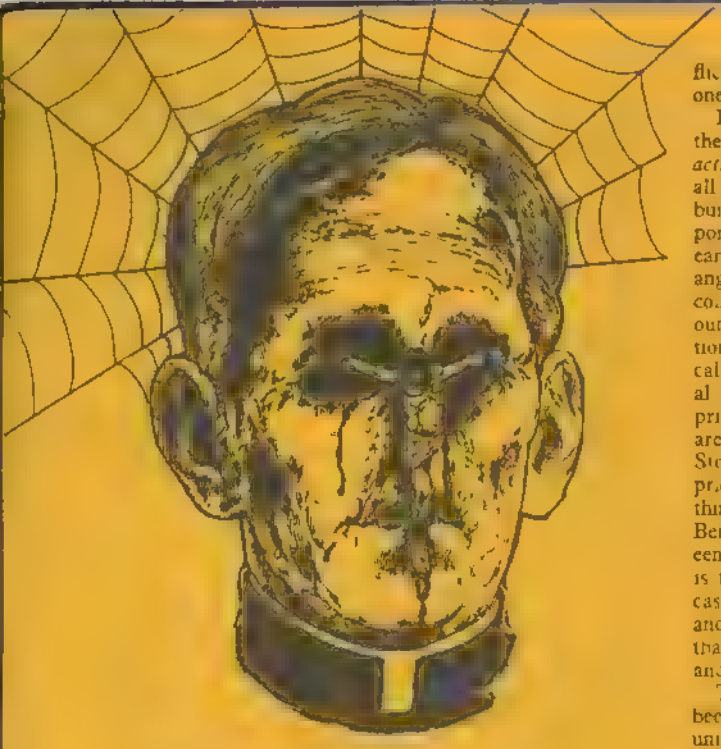
JOE MELLIN

The first descriptive scroll entitled HOMO SAPIENS CORRECTUS by Bart Huges is available from: Athenaeum Boekhandel, Spui 14-16, Amsterdam, Holland

HOLE IN HEAD . . .

WARNING: We DO NOT advise anyone to try trepanning themselves, since even a fractional miscalculation could cause death or insanity. Besides, you have to be partly insane to try it in the first place, unless you have scientific dedication and years of neurosurgical knowledge behind you. For a less drastic permanent high may we recommend Yoga in all its applications.





WISE-UP O MEN OF GOD

Viv Broughton is one of the nine founder members of the radical Christian group CHURCH, responsible for such officially condemned "hooliganism" as driving a hearse to Moscow and distributing leaflets declaring solidarity with the persecuted writers and Baptists in the Soviet Union, for street theatre demo's on the Vietnam issue outside 'Sunday churches', for disruption of Billy Graham Crusades, church-squats, and for their new magazine, "The Catonsville Roadrunner", named after the action of the American "Draft card burning priests who paved the way

CHURCH managed to build its revolutionary dream for about a year and a half before the [illegible] stone pillars of official Christianity. That this [illegible] be a traumatic experience for the 'brotherhood' of Jesus not because our words are powerful but because our actions will knife deep wounds in the dying one.

On October 26-27th '68, we entered a church for the very first time as a group. The building was the U S Navy Chapel in London and we occupied it for 24 hours in order to hold a requiem for the dead in Vietnam. The Chapel is a hideously brutal place with American flags, soldiers in stained glass windows and little brass plates that tell of how they had been serving 'God and country personified for 200 years'.

To occupy was [illegible] the majority decision of the church members but they were with us on both days, for we only gave out with the truth to the extension of nobody. Occupation implies possession and for a few precious hours we did operate at opening up the building and the [illegible] occupiers. For 180 years the building had never been open on a Saturday night for fear that the [illegible] treasure therein would be plundered, and although we stayed inside all night and kept the doors open, the fear brought the cops in to prevent any more Christians entering our church. We shall steal his gold at a later date.

Were this a news item I would expand on the relevance of our action to the war in Vietnam, our prime reason for invading the building, but I want to say more about the inevitable conflict between CHURCH and its bastard mother, of which this one night in the U S Navy Chapel was one of the first signs.

In its explanatory pamphlet, CHURCH has stated: "Since the church can only be the community of men and women *acting out* the radical teaching of the man called Jesus Christ, all else that Christians build is treason to Him. Our church has built a gigantic mockery of Christ, the supreme Lover. It supports war and racism and is hostile to the wretched of the earth. It is a masquerade that men in each generation have felt anger at. Some have opted out, become urban hermits or trash collectors, some have done their good thing, either inside or outside the 'church' always in the face of massive condemnation." Following the latter tradition, CHURCH and other radical Christian groupings, have built a strong extra-denominational movement that is very hip to the revolutionary Jesus. Even priests are beginning to lay themselves on the line and they are doing so in ever increasing numbers. David Hart, John Stott, Dan Pickard, Andrew King and the many rebel Catholic priests, are good examples in this country. In America, similar things are happening, notably the case of Frs. Philip and Dan Berrigan who, with twenty or so other priests, are facing eighteen years in jail for arson and sabotage of *draft files*. The story is the same in almost every country in the world and in each case the old men of the church add their grip to that of State and armed capital. The religious bureaucracies are so full of shit that they see only nightmares in the visions of their young men, and threats where there is only truth.

This is of course a constant struggle, for there have always been crooks in our temples and power and privilege have always united Church and State against rebel Christians. Jesus was nailed to a bit of wood by them and if we do what He did then we must expect to end up the same way. Right?

For this reason we must go back to the U S Navy Chapel, in more ways than one, for this place is the screwed up Church in microcosm. It is the 'gigantic mockery' at its very worst and just as Jesus went out of his way to seek His final purgative confrontation with authority so I believe we must seek ours by attempting to take this place out of control. We shall kiss right there and after a lot of prayer, sweat, passion, tears, love and laughter, the Reverend William Atkins, Vicar of the U S Navy Chapel in Mayfair London will give birth to a daughter. Do you still think that capital punishment is any deterrent?

Sympathisers can contact
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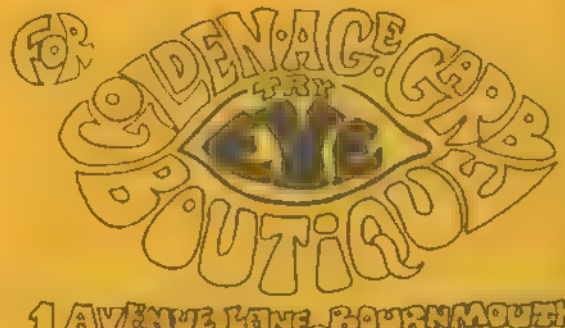


LOVE AND LET GO

[redacted]

Monni

LOVING IS LIVING

[redacted]

COMMUNE WHO FROM SCOTLAND

[redacted]

seedbag

[redacted]

MAX BEAUMONT

[redacted]

M. D BIANCHI

[redacted]

BRINSLEY LE POER TRENCH

A MEDITATION FOR SOUL GATHERINGS

(Dedicated to 'Mishji')

I AM.

I AM.

that there is no place where

I AM not.

For I AM the centre, and soul,

Those of us here gathered now,

I AM.

or call our enemies.

I AM also.

For I AM the binding cord wherein the knowing of which,

In the knowing.

Be still,

And understand alone.

That I AM.

Inside the SOFT MACHINE from whence come those incredible sounds lives a surprisingly content and home loving bod but in the shape of group drummer and vocalist Robert Wyatt

I [illegible] really a [illegible] I'm married, I have a [illegible] I [illegible] me [illegible] girl friend and [illegible] I like a lot on weekends. You know, we [illegible] about that. I [illegible] that the [illegible] very domestic [illegible] I [illegible] with [illegible] and the [illegible] to rot [illegible] for what I like. I [illegible] part of the [illegible] group. The trouble with [illegible] the best [illegible] I'm [illegible] bad at [illegible] You [illegible] about [illegible] I [illegible] so I try to be [illegible]

I [illegible] to me is a kind of [illegible] I [illegible] group. [illegible] certain [illegible] as part [illegible] it's also [illegible]

We [illegible] benefit [illegible] people we [illegible] the [illegible] we [illegible] the [illegible] we don [illegible] anybody [illegible] while [illegible] So I [illegible] we lost a [illegible] we don't like to do [illegible]

But I [illegible] you are on [illegible] when [illegible] in to [illegible] you can tell other people [illegible] You can point out things you've come across in the hope that other people can enjoy the [illegible] you've enjoyed. You I can't see that you can go any further than that.

Obviously I'm doing from a very privileged position, since for me [illegible] Chicago is a lot longer [illegible] M[illegible] and I've got [illegible] I've got [illegible] I'm [illegible] enjoying [illegible] people [illegible] you [illegible] I don't [illegible] drug [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

really close to jazz, which many of them are We find it rather like performing in a simple, loud, classical orchestra, where you bring the score to life—that sort of situation—where your creative powers are to do with the dynamics and shading on a particular occasion I tend to sit down in front of people and try to change the pace and pressure, the length of the set and the dynamics of it, which is virtually what a drummer's job is anyway It's really rock music's version of a conductor But I need what you call 'vibes' in the Underground business, or in other words, reactions

"For us, each set is like performing a well known ritual which we have worked out—like a prayer, for instance, which you might say every day or night, word for word, and takes the right length of time, but has new and different meanings each time it's used As we launch into a number our horizons are very clear We can see where the end is It's been worked out beforehand, note by note, and it's just a matter of the exact way in which we phrase it in getting there I can think ten minutes or more ahead to what I shall do when a bit comes up as a result of something I just did, I think *Well, if I'm going to do that on that bit, then I'll tie it up with something that's coming about a quarter of an hour later*'

'The discipline of the musical life, when seriously done, is in itself a totally satisfying and absorbing lifestyle It's only if you are a musician to the reasonably shallow extent say, that the Beatles or the Stones (with all due respect) are musicians, then you have to supplement your way of life, which is not self-supporting or satisfactory enough, by looking around for other things They do play music, but they are essentially folk musicians In other words, they are people who eat and drink and live—and also play music None of them, I think, claim to be any more than that And because of this they have had such phenomenal success, because they produce music of the people by the people As Paul McCartney once said *'I don't want to be one of those blokes who's a brilliant bass player who nobody listens to'* But that's exactly the opposite of Hugh who would be perfectly happy to be a brilliant bass-player He has great facility and doesn't accept the traditional role of the bass, choosing to work on the whole alternative world of sound the bass has to offer But he doesn't talk about it much In fact, he hardly talks at all anyway But he puts so much into a piece that he's very exciting to work with for a drummer You can't coast, you can't lay back and let it all happen It's hard work but worth it

"I want to completely submerge myself in the work of learning to play three or four drums and my lifestyle is beginning to go through this mill now I haven't by any means got there yet and I've only just realised that that's what I want to do Mike says that most musicians have somewhere at the back of their heads, a perfect musical sound which they can almost see and hear, which they carry around with them all their lives wanting it manifested And I became a musician when I realised that nobody else was going to play this sound if I didn't

"So I don't need to look outside me for different taste thrills in the world I just want a deeper understanding of the things I have chosen to do Rather than surround myself with the impacts of a various dozen ways and paths of life and end up with an imperfect half knowledge of any of them

"The important things for me at this time, are things like whether we should have an accelerated number just before our last number, or a slower heavier number which leads up to a faster one These are the only really serious problems which are going on in my head The rest are just musings"

SCENE AROUND

CORNWALL is alive and well

At last Cornwall has its own Free Press in the form of a duplicated magazine called *Oz & It*. Mary Anne's campaign is strengthening to combat the Cornish Scene.

"The Cornish Guardian of 13th March describes the 'extensive tourist traffic' being mounted by Devon and Cornwall Police. What this amounts to is persecution and attempted arrest of anyone who has come to Cornwall during the summer who does not look the right type of person to stay here. This includes campers not on controlled sites and people with long hair and anything to do with pop music. More harassment than usual from the police. Newquay is to be well protected against these undesirables. Not surprisingly, as this is the town that receives the biggest profit from the tourist trade. Farmers who have been forbidden to let beds to campers within a 3 mile radius of the town—which covers quite an area. One caravan park proprietor is refusing to take mixed unmarried parties or parties of either males or females under 25 and takes names and addresses and families details if "we feel they are of the right type". The list of undesirables grows!

This whole campaign has overtaken both the prime objective of protecting the tourist industry whilst stopping the drug scare as its *raison d'etre*. For example, Newquay had fewer drug cases before the current anti-summer hippy campaign than previously (*Cornish Guardian* 3.9.70). So why the big panic? The events that long-haired individuals and the so-called undesirables will not have a favourable effect upon the more affluent visitors who might not come back next year. And I am sure we tolerate a society controlled by those who believe that profits are more important than people, there is no limit to the lengths the authorities will go to drive the 'undesirables' away from the seaside resorts.

The gradual enlightenment upon our freedom of rights, unfettered mind, because those who are being repressed have rebels attached to them. Thus they become depressed and the repression of beatniks "mods and rockers" hippies etc is more acceptable than the repression of 'people'. 1984 is but 15 years away and if we are not to have the nightmare society forecast by Orwell we must oppose all restrictions of our freedom. We must be on our guard when people are tried and sent to prison, property, the State or the Father and

JPT

ONE & ALL Six Chimneys Bolenowe Troon Cambourne

LONDON — THE ELECTRIC CINEMA

Early 1969 saw the dawn of a new advent upon the Scene of Underground-Overground culture, and the arising of two new head businesses that were *not* in it for the money. Can it be that the days of the psychedelic racketeer are passing? There are still the usual hustlers around but there is also a more serious and collaborative vibration among those who believe that changes have to be worked for. A new feeling of purpose is awakening in many hearts.

The *Electric Cinema Club* was brought together by Roger Cross, Dianne Taylor and John McWilliams. Dianne and Roger spent some years on the road, especially in the East before coming to England to continue their studies. They met John while he was pushing a barrow in the Portobello Road market. They had all been in the avant-garde film world for some time.

Their main aim was providing an outlet for uncensored newsreels and experimental films, along with a few oldies, so to give the community at large a source of income to help them get things together. Roger & Co, exercise minimal control over what films they roll, keeping a balance between what films are currently available and what the audience likes to experience.

The scene is now financially successful, although earlier losses nearly made them fold, but the group do not believe in swelling their own pockets. A short while ago Roger was amazed to find that people were being charged 3/- to see a Name-group play. And not needing too much imagination to know where the bread was going, he got together with the *Roundhouse* people, Arts Centre at Chalk Farm and Centre Court of Release free legal aid bureau, and *Implosion* was brought into being. *Implosion* will run every alternate Sunday, bringing rock, films and occasional theatre to the community at a more realistic price of 7/6 per head. They are running as cheaply as possible and any profits will find their way to those in need.

The *Electric Cinema* has done much good already and many people who have appreciated the free food at the Macrobiotic restaurant and visited its garden, owe their thanks to them. They are also helping the neighbourhood kids around Portobello to get away from their city-fried environs by running free coach trips to far-off places in the country. There seems to be some confusion. And thanks to the *Electric Cinema* and a few like them there's still some genuine Scene left. Help support it.

Electric Cinema Club happens at Imperial Cinema, 191 Portobello Road, London W11. Open weekdays at 11 pm / 1 am and Sundays 10.30 pm.

THE TUCK SHOP was begun in early April by Richard Lee, Wendy and Sally at 2 Orford Road, Walthamstow. The *Tuck Shop* scene works as an integrated community which, until recently was open 24 hours a day to house wanderers and weary travellers. But now they have found that for their own sanity they have to close sometime and at present stay open until 8 pm on weekdays and are closed all day Sunday.

As *Time Out* put it "you run the shop on a sale or return basis and all are invited to take goods from it, to sell. The accent in the shop is on hand-made goods, but they do stock basic necessities such as incense, skins etc. The place has a very gentle atmosphere, free food and tea is served when it is available.

They also provide free labour to transform and repaint decorating a house for some people who are to move to go raving up and down the country. There are plans going ahead for a non-alcoholic pop festival, and also a free festival. On Monday evenings they have a Poetry Workshop and a Music Workshop. Wednesdays from 1 pm is reserved for builders, so to make things to sell at the shop.

There is a lot of work to be done in Walthamstow and the surrounding district and the *Tuck Shop* needs all the help it can get. At present there is much pressure on the founder members as they find that many people are eager to suggest, but not to act. They are freely service. Would you be ready to participate and help what's going on—to assist in work for the New Age? We need more centres like the above to bring about the necessary changes. Lend a hand.

DIGGERS INTERNATIONAL CO ORDINATION

S P A C E YOUR INFORMATION . . . if you don't see why, then nothing we say is going to persuade you . . . but if you do, if you produce articles, newspapers, tapes, manifestos, leaflets . . . or anything which is information, send copies, as many as you can, to DIGGERS INTERNATIONAL CO-ORDINATION

Diggers International Co-ordination is a centre for streaming information—manifestos, publications, posters, leaflets, ephemera, etc.—put out by radical Digger groups in this country and abroad

The co-ordinating centre is the Potters Bar Commune and in Amsterdam, the Diggers Radikalen

The centre, which began Nov. '68, is discovering its operative function in practice and working out details to make the scheme fluent. Meanwhile will Digger groups, or anyone who is producing material others should know about please get in touch with:—

D. I. Co-ordination, 216 Mutton Lane, Potters Bar, Herts.

If possible, send copies of your material This will be compiled and posted abroad (Holland, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland) and material received in return will be redirected to the groups participating.

A percentage of the information will be printed in *HAPT*, and otherwise circulated through the community press

The Exchange is entirely free, any details you need can be obtained from the above address

IT'S YOUR PLANET . . . TALK TO IT . . . ! ! !

LOVE & PEACE . . . D.I.G.

COMMUNE*ICATION FROM CROWN OF SILVER LAKE

There is a group of people ready to expand their minds to infinity in the rather dead city of St Albans. They are tied to grey living posts but are creating a nebula (a mistiness in the heavens produced by a group of stars too distant to be seen singly) within the shell of their necro-city. A wider understanding is our aim and we like meeting beautiful people

Due to the shackles of "the Norm" this cannot be a community (i.e. living together) but we meet whenever possible, and are together in mind at all times. Anybody, but anybody, who thinks peace, beauty and love is welcome to the Crown of Silver Lake, 21 Sandridge Road, St. Albans, Herts

Epistles sent as breezes to dissipate grey mists and alleviate misunderstanding needed urgently Peace

SCOTLAND

For northern Overgrounders, THE EGYPTIAN BOOK OF THE DEAD (1st Edition 1898) translated by E A Wallis Budge is available on Reserve Stock of Motherwell Library for the use of those in the West of Scotland. This is an excellent volume and well worth the time reading The prayers are beautiful.

HECTOR BAINBRIDGE

SCENE AROUND is an undug plot awaiting graftings from your Garden Scene. If you have something growing, send us a few wordy plants, so we may all know how does your personal environmental *Garden* grow.

COMMUNE*ICATION FROM THE
LATEM-GURUKULA
AN OPEN ENCLAVE FOR WISDOM

In a small village in Belgian Flanders, St. Martens-Latem, there exists a real island of neutrality. There in the middle of a wood lives the absolutist community, the *Gurukula*. Founded ten years ago by Nataraja Guru and the Belgian painter Edgar Gavaert, the *Gurukula* is essentially concerned with the liberation of the being in relation to all conditioning-systems. Everyone there devotes himself to the Yoga of Freedom (the unitive way of liberation) at all levels of everyday life—in the perspective of the absolute as the highest standard

The *Narayana Gurukula Mission* now consists of ten community centres scattered over three continents. It advocates the birth of small autonomous communities as a necessity for world human society, each community being characterised ecologically by its individual philosophical temperament and individual economy. The option of the *Gurukula* is: LIBERATION HERE AND NOW as opposed to ideologies of future redemption. Its philosophy tends towards the unitive (yogic) methods of deconditioning which do not divide the internal and external —for example: *Advaita Vedanta*, Socratic, Taoism, etc., methods not demanding esoteric "dogmatic belief" as do the eschatological systems.

The *Gurukula* has no programme of action nor moral code, supposing however that a free being, therefore a responsible one, will carry on harmonious relations with those around him (or her). One's level of consciousness determines one's milieu The key to the Freedom of the being is first the pure jewel of dialectic discrimination (*viveka*).

We are all conditioned by time and space and the first victory of an absolutist is over time and space. . . . In his message to us from the centre of Bangalore, Swami John Spiers wrote: "*Today a tiny radio transmitter can send out messages heard throughout the world or anywhere to the most distant parts of the Cosmos* Likewise living under the light of that *Species Aeternitatis* will be felt by all sensitive people when the numinous is given a place even in the whirlwind of western civilisation. All are united in this sanctuary where they will find sympathy for their own expression of the absolute (Brahman) . with rules at the minimum—with kindliness and reverence emphasised, no-one will feel kept out. And those who do not fit in or feel unhappy will gently drop out. The quality of Absoluteness must ever prevail Conceptualism will be replaced by understanding which will unite or rather bring out the unitive, abolishing all troubles and exaggerations belonging to relativistic fixations "

Economically, the *Latem-Gurukula* devote themselves to divers handicrafts: weaving, ceramics, forging (wrought iron), batik, gardening and building (houses and sheds, etc.). Work is however a means and not an end in itself The community contains a temple of *Shiva Nataraja* open for communal meditation Every Sunday morning we have a *puja* which ends with a dialectic discussion of philosophical or essentially everyday topic. A library (rather limited as yet) of books and pamphlets and free press is available to everyone.

Hoping that this information will enlarge the ties of light and of flowers which unites the world yogic community to the absolute, we greet you with peace and love *Aum Tad Sad*——

LATEM GURUKULA,
Kapitteldreef 45B, St Martens-Latem, Belgium.

An ancient Buddhist insight, validated by normal daily observation, is that all things are impermanent and subject to change; arising, existing and decaying. The earth is as much a living creature as anything which crawls, flies, swims or walks upon its once wondrous surface. Like all known creatures, saturated by the undulating sun, this still vibrant globe will yet age and die. As this world is abused and misused by the human animal, it weakens and denies that species further evolutionary advance. A vast totality of escalating insanity has given form to atmospheric pollution and environmental despoilation, disrupting a natural harmony and balance; laying waste great areas and destroying many who once lived upon them. It is another psycho-experimental, and thus self-verifiable, truth that the microcosm is the macrocosm. Tantric Buddhism perceived that all who exist, have existed and will exist are One and an injury to one is an injury to all.

If we transform our meditational experiences and intuitive illuminations into the terminology of discursive language and intellectual thought, we may well reinterpenetrate the transcendental philosophies of seers and yogins of ages past. To discover the unceasing interaction and fusion in infinite motion, within this interwoven tapestry of life and death, is to recognise the inner-identity of all beings and things. Such depth knowledge of the essential nature of existence, transforms instinctive human cruelty into wisdom. This does not motivate assumptions of physical, mental or spiritual superiority but rather fashions and shapes a certainty of real equality. The innate solidarity of all who exist. So flows genuine compassion and pervades the being concerned.

To move in harmony with the cosmic flow and rediscover an enstatic beauty, it is necessary to be liberated from the destructive and suicidal fetters of a world grown utterly mad. Freedom necessitates a complete change of consciousness and that *doing of visions* which survival demands. Nothing can be realistically selected, evaluated, dismissed or developed in isolation and therefore mankind must progress with the entirety of life, in an infinite totality. That which ossifies into static tradition and stale dogma is by nature a dead and lifeless thing. All that lives is fluid and flexible. Yet continuing conflict and struggle generates a determination, within the truly harmless heart, to protect and defend the helpless and the weak. If our insights are more than delusions, if our convictions are not a wicked hypocrisy, we cannot rest until we have liberated every single blade of grass.

The world today is exploitation and cruelty. A brutal War Machine rapes the spirit of humanity; savaging and stunting much of its potential. Vested interests manipulate us all into disunity and division and chemical and bacteriological warfare, genocide, incarceration and involuntary death result. We are all victims of ignorance and stupidity and tragically wage the death industry and butchery complex against ourselves.

Countless fellow creatures are bred, enslaved and killed to satiate a depraved human lust for sacrifice and perverted appetite for flesh. Living beings suffer smashed skulls, strangulation, shooting, blood-letting and disemboweling so men can devour corpses from the slaughterhouse. Animals are broken to perform and amuse away idle human hours. Snakes skinned alive, baby seals battered, fur-bearing animals brutally trapped. Atrocities perpetuated for greed and to supposedly beautify so many thoughtless women. The sexual organs of cats persistantly scraped to obtain perfume. Blood sports; those cowardly indulgences which progressively brutalise and transform civilised people into sadistic bullies. The terrible obscenities of animal vivisection and the utter uselessness of innoculation and vaccine or serum therapy, for which such laboratory torture is imagined to be justified. Routine experiments carried on without need, skill or anaesthetics. Fodder for the commercial drug industry. Animals are exposed to radioactive material and poison gases. Blasted by high explosives and cosmic rays. Subjected to brain operations and induced epilepsy. Thrusted unwillingly into space. Given cancer, dropsy, eye diseases, ulcers, infestation, polio, shock and numerous injuries. Infected with anthrax, malaria, rabies, syphilis and toxic chemicals. Burned, boiled alive, transplanted. Much more. Do we not hear that sustained and bitter scream of desperation.

Man has developed a vegetarian physiology, sweating through the skin, having a long bowel, jaws which can move from side to side and teeth adapted to chewing. Human saliva contains ptyalin which enables the predigestion of starches in grains. Man does not possess anatomical characteristics suited to flesh food diet. Bloodfoods carry toxic waste from the dead animal's bloodstream, plus any "fear poisons" and those proliferating bacterial organisms which effect during decomposition. Also possible diseased tissue and virus. This accumulated toxic matter is rapidly expelled in short bowelled animals but in long bowelled man, it lingers in the intestines and is consequently absorbed into the bloodstream. It is unlikely that human evolution is effected by one route alone and there are perhaps men who are by nature more omniverous than most. Nevertheless a "missing link", estimated at five to ten million years old, has recently been discovered in India. Its teeth indicate it was a vegetarian.

Mankind has made an ecological disaster of this earth and now trembles helplessly under the threat of famine and over population. Available oxygen, soil and water poisoned by technological waste; earth overrun by a concrete and plasti

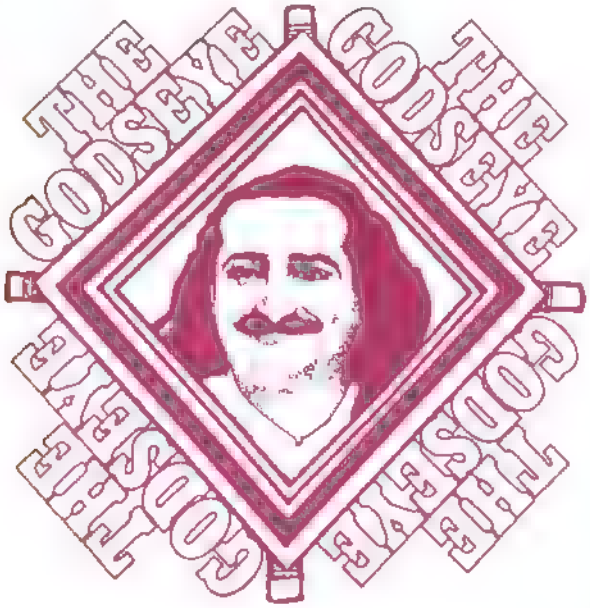
sprawl. Cattle require eight times as much land as human beings to sustain them and a ridiculously low proportion of the food they devour is recoverable in the form of flesh nutrition. An omnivorous person needs 1.63 acres and a 3 acres of this stricken up by flesh cultivation. Conversely only .6 acres are [illegible] to provide an abundant and varied vegetarian diet. Even less for a vegan one and lacto vegetarianism depends upon by-products of the slaughterhouse. So veganism it must be [illegible] harmlessness. Man-made fibres are increasingly available [illegible] violent products and goods are obtainable in most areas of need. Must we slaughter calves so we can drink their mothers milk? Transform the hen into an egg laying machine? The factory farm and battery hen? Clip Queen bees wings and paint out her eyes for honey?

And those Children of the Future will resolve to no longer harm and hurt or knowingly kill any living thing. From that day they will consume no more stolen food but rather eat the clean, healthy non-violent vegan diet. The food is mainly raw, its goodness not destroyed by flame. It is organically grown, sunbreathed and free from chemical additives, artificial colourings, flavouring and toxic preservatives. The truly harmless blood of the Children of the Future derives from fresh fruits, vegetables, seeds, nuts, pulses, whole grains, yeasts. Upon this natural food the psycho-physical organism grows light and strong and the spirit flowers into higher levels of consciousness until mental clarity is attained, imagination flies free and wondrous visions are seen. The gift of truth (glimpses of reality) is bestowed upon such men.

And Children of the Future foresee that hatred and evil will one day forever cease to exist. Governments disappear, police courts and jails dissolve, armies vanish. Peace and love no longer just empty words upon the tongue.

How? Vegan action against the Death Machine, the butchers complex and all corrupt and wicked institutions that stand in the way of that wondrous human condition and beautiful world, destined yet to come. *Revolutionary Ahimsa*. Let us destroy all nets and traps and free all captive beasts.

Children of peace, of harmony, of peace, arise. YOU ARE THE FUTURE AND CAN'T BE STOPPED.



The God'seye is an Outsider's Eyeview o existing cults, groups, societies and their lead ers in the Eye of God, for the guidance o those seekers Breaking New Ground in th spiritspheres of self-advancement.

The idea of the 'God..Man' or 'Avatar' is an old one in India..Rama and Krishna are the best known Avatars today and the ones most widely accepted and worshipped as direct incarnations of God. Parsis and Persians believe that Zoroaster was the one Great Messenger from God, just as the Christians do not doubt Christ's statement that "I and My Father are One." Muslims believe that there have been several prophets of God, but that Mohammed was the last and greatest of them. Buddhists are convinced that the Buddha was, as the title 'Buddha' implies , fully enlightened and one with truth; and the Buddha said that there had been more than a score of 'Buddhas' before him.

Meher Baba says that God...the formless ONE without a second periodically takes on a human form on earth, whenever the conditions of the world require direct spiritual intervention. According to Him, all the Avatars of the past have been the same ONE...the same One Supreme Reality (God, Truth) manifesting in different times and places and different guises, just as the same actor on the old Greek stage could appear as a variety of characters by simply changing his mask.

Rick Chapman

BYE BYE BABA?

I was Rama, I was Krishna, I was this One, I was that One, and now I am Meher Baba. In this form of flesh and blood I am that same Ancient One who alone is eternally worshipped and ignored, ever remembered and forgotten. I am that Ancient One whose past is worshipped and remembered, whose present is ignored and forgotten, and whose future (Advent) is anticipated with great fervor and longing.

I perform no miracles and will perform none, until I manifest through breaking My outward silence. Then I will perform the One and Only miracle, the greatness and glory of which you cannot even imagine, and which will benefit not only those around Me, but the whole world... each and every being in consciousness...The moment I break My silence and utter that original Word the first and last miracle of Baba in this life will be performed. When I perform that miracle, I won't raise the dead; but I will make those who live for the world dead to the world and live in God. I won't give sight to the blind, but will make people blind to illusion and make them see God as the Only Reality.

THE DEVOTEE'S VIEWPOINT

Fifteen minutes after noon, January 31, Avatar Meher Baba passed away near Ahmednagar, just before his 75th birthday. On February 7, his body was buried. For that week preceding the burial, thousands of Eastern devotees travelled from all parts of India and a handful of Western lovers flew there to get a final glimpse of the body of their Master.

One of the best known facets of Baba's life has been his complete verbal silence since 1925. Throughout the more than four decades of his spiritual work on earth, he has indicated that the breaking of this silence would spiritualize the world and usher in a new era of love. Consequently Baba's passing demands a reappraisal of his statements regarding the "breaking" of his silence as well as putting them in a distinctly new perspective.

Meher Baba's physical health had been failing for some time, although the general trend was interrupted by occasional periods of unexplainable recovery. He had spent the last three years in tight seclusion, doing intense "inner" work. Baba explained little about the nature of this work on the inner planes of consciousness. However, to those close to him, he implied that the work involved preparing the world for the Manifestation of God on earth.

In late January, the mandali (intimate disciples who lived with him) observed further deterioration in Meher Baba's physical condition, yet he refused to go to Poona for diagnostic tests. He told them, "My condition has no medical grounds at all; it is due purely to the strain of my work."

During his last days, great muscular spasms shook Baba's body. His body experienced immeasurable pain. The mandali said they had never seen him suffer so, not even from the serious automobile accidents which had taken a devastating toll on his body in the past. On January 30, he told a doctor, "My time has come." The next morning, only a few hours before he passed away, he gestured, "Today is my crucifixion."

Around noon that morning, Baba was joking with the disciples about how much medicine he had been given. At 12 P.M., after his eyes had closed and he could not be revived, the attending physicians concluded that his physical life had ceased.

Meher Baba's body was placed in a tomb which had been built under his orders many years ago. It was garlanded with roses and placed in an uncovered crypt, open to the view of thousands who came to Meherabad. The variety of devotees was astounding. Hindus, Muslims, Zoroastrians, Christians; illiterate, poverty-stricken peasants to Members of Parliament; those who came in silence to others who sat throughout the day and night outside the tomb singing with deep welled devotion.

In the report so far, one might see nothing more extraordinary than the passing of a deeply loved Master sufficiently advanced to know exactly what was to happen. But there appears to be a deeper and more mysterious aspect to this event.

Most curiously, of the thousands who came, some to see their Master for the first time, few wept. When tears did fall, they seemed less from grief than of joy. Certainly a deep personal loss was felt by those who had constantly enjoyed the exhilaration of Meher Baba's physical presence. But none of his lovers felt that Baba had "died". Indeed, there was a general feeling that the fruition of Baba's work had yet to be seen, that he had yet to break his Silence, and that his universal glorification as the Christ had yet to come.

A major response to the paradox of Baba's followers' reac- as emphasized the absolute independence of Meher Baba (as J from the body of Merwan S. Irani (Baba's given name at He once said: "Believe that I am the Ancient One. I am this body that you see . . . I am not limited by this form is only a coat that I put on when I visit you. I am infinite consciousness."

With this and other statements like "I am your Real Self", Meher Baba explained to his followers that God was speaking through this particular "God Man." His stress was on the impresence of himself as the Christ. Baba further explained that God took human form so that He might give a monu- mental spiritual push to humanity by absorbing its ignorance through the God-Man's suffering, and by dispensing Divine Love through his contact with men as man.

Through further questioning, it was found that Meher Baba had made some very relevant predictions in his "Final Declara- tion" given in 1954. In it, Baba indicated that (1) a strange and serious disease would attack his body, (2) he would suffer humiliation, (3) he would break his silence by uttering the "Word of words," (4) he would be glorified and (5) he would drop his body.

In past conversations and discourses, Meher Baba was quite explicit about his humiliation, and about the subsequent testing period for his followers:

"Now let me first explain what I meant by humiliation. Suppose you are loved by someone very dearly for several years and, one day you happen to meet him, he suddenly be- gins to abuse you, kick you and spit in your face. In the con- text of your previous relations with him, your plight becomes an example of humiliation. In the same way, if some persons who have previously adored me and raised me up to the skies in adoration for years, suddenly turn against me and express extreme disdain for me by throwing me in filth, this will be another example of humiliation."

Many Baba lovers feel that the time for humiliation is now at hand. Meher Baba's physical death will undoubtedly produce much scoffing. It would seem quite natural that critics will de- ride his apparent inability to prove that he is God, and will disparage him for not "breaking his silence."

Yet various ones who have studied Meher Baba's statements point out that Baba had again and again warned his lovers not to deny him at the critical time, to hold fast to his "Daaman" (an analogy from Persian Sufi poetry meaning to maintain faith and obedience). For example, he has said, "At the time of Jesus, I uttered many warnings, yet none could grasp in advance about my crucifixion . . . You have read in the Gospels wherein Christ had said to his Apostles, 'You will deny Me'. This did happen when Peter the chief apostle denied Jesus. The thing is that during the humiliation the circumstances will so array themselves that . . . you may even feel justified in leaving me."

Once more Baba warned. "Though happenings are in the realm of illusion, a great so-called tragedy is facing me and my lovers. My long expected humiliation is at hand. . . . The love, courage and faith of my lovers will be put to severe test, not by me but by Divine Law. Those who hold fast to me at the zenith of this crisis will transcend illusion and abide in Reality."

If Meher Baba is the Avatar, history may be repeating itself. The future will tell, and the nature of the proof will be conclu- sive one way or the other. If he is not the Christ, the movement around him is destined for an inevitable death. But if he is that same Ancient One, his Manifestation will make that undeniably clear: "When I break my Silence, the impact will jolt the world out of its spiritual lethargy. . . . What will happen when I break My silence is what has never happened before . . . When I break My Silence, the world will come to know that I Am The One They Were Waiting For!"

HAMADAR UST

From "*The Last Days of Meruan S. Irani.*"

THE OUTSIDER'S EYEVIEW

"*I shall change the history of the whole world!*" Such was the prediction and opening statement of Meher Baba to writer and traveller Paul Brunton on a visit to the Meher Baba colony near Ahmednegar in Bombay Province. In his lifetime ques- for the secrets of the soul, Brunton spent many years seeking out enlightened sages in many countries of the world, and in his book *A Search in Secret India,* describes his first meeting with the self-styled Avatar of the age:

> "He proves to be somewhat different from the person I have imagined. His eyes do not penetrate me, his facial expression lacks strength, and although I am aware of something ascetic, unworldly and gentle in his atmosphere, I wonder why I feel no responsive thrill, such as one may reasonably expect to feel in the presence of one who proposes to win the allegiance of millions of people . . . His amiable and kindly face is framed in chestnut-coloured hair, which falls in long curly waves to his neck . . . the eyes are dark, medium sized and clear, but I find them unimpressive . . . The light tinted olive skin betrays his Persian origin, for his father hails from the land of the Shah's. Withal he is young, apparently somewhere in his thirties. . . ."
>
> 'I am pleased to see you," he remarks, but not mind you, in the usual manner of speech. For he holds a small alphabet board upon his lap and points rapidly with his index finger to one letter after another. As the words are spelt out in this dumb pantomime manner, his secretary interprets them aloud for my benefit."

From the age of 31, Meher Baba had committed himself to a lifetime of silence, supposedly in order to bring him closer

to a humble awareness of God, as with other yogis, but as he grandiloquently unfolded the details of his messianic mission on earth, Brunton listened in growing wonder, trying desperately to retain an unbiased mind. Baba explained that God had given him a mandate to awaken people out of their materialistic stupor and establish true worship on the earth. The invention of telegraphic communications, wireless and television had occurred at this time in history in order that at the moment Baba breaks his silence, the whole world would hear his message at once. Brunton asked him when this would be, Baba was definite:

> "I shall break my silence and deliver my message only when there is chaos and confusion everywhere, for then I shall be most needed, when the world is rocking in upheavals—earthquakes, floods and volcanic eruptions, when both East and West are aflame with war. Truly the whole world must suffer, for the whole world must be redeemed."
>
> 'Do you know the date of this war?"
>
> "Yes. It is not far off. But I do not wish to reveal the date . . . However, it will last only a short time . . . and at its worst I shall make myself publicly known and declare my mission to the entire world. By my material efforts and spiritual powers, I shall speedily bring the conflict to an abrupt end, thus restoring peace to all the nations. . . . Disarmament will then no longer be a matter of mere talk, but an actual fact. Racial and communal strife will cease; sectarian hatred between religious organisations will come to an end. I shall travel widely throughout the world and the nations will be eager to see me."

*

Brunton remained sceptical of these assertions, feeling no ring of truth in them, and asked how Meher Baba intended to convince the average Westerner of his divine authority:

> "Ah, you do not realise how changed the times will be. . . . Once I publicly announce myself as a messiah, nothing will be able to withstand my power. I shall openly work miracles in proof of my mission at the same time. Restoring sight to the blind, healing the sick, maimed and crippled, yes, even raising the dead—these things will be child's play to me! I shall work these miracles because through them people will everywhere be forced to believe in me, and then believe my message. These wonders will not be done to satisfy idle curiosity, but to convince the sceptically minded."

*

Stunned by this revelation Brunton writes: "*I hold my breath. The interview has reached the boundary of common sense. My mind begins to falter. We are entering into the region of Oriental fantasy.*"

On attempting to elicit details of Meher Baba's personal career, Brunton is referred to Baba's secretary, and over a period of days manages to extract something of the major events of Meher Baba's life.

He was born Merwan S. Irani in Poona City, 1894. His schooling began at five years of age and he proved adept at his studies, entering Deccan College in Poona at seventeen. The great change in his life occurred at the age of twenty, when he was cycling home from school one day, near the abode of Hazrat Babajan, an ancient female faqueer (fakir), who beckoned to him as he was about to pass by. He went over to her and she embraced him and kissed him on the brow, conveying a spiritual blessing, which awakened his soul to the path it was destined to take.

He returned him to his family in a dazed state, which deepened as he slowly entered a trance-like condition which lasted for nine months, during which he had to be washed, fed, dressed and led about like an automaton. Eventually his mind returned to an awareness of his environment and in the process had shed all worldly interests and ambitions. On the advice of Hazrat Babajan, he began to search for a spiritual teacher and came into contact with an aged hermit named Upasani Maharaj, who lived in a stone-built shrine about a hundred miles from Poona. The young aspirant decided that this was the master he was seeking and visited him whenever he could, staying for a few days at a time (once for four months) and then returning home. Once he took a group of his old school-friends to visit the master, who told them that their friend was the inheritor of his mystic powers and had attained divine perfection! And he advised them to become followers of the young Meher Baba. A few took his advice and others remained unconvinced.

Meher Baba began his colony on the site of a disused army camp and set up a free boarding school where he instructed students on the moral ideals which basically underlie all religions. His idea was to train heralds to go out into the world to announce his coming when the time was ripe. The boys were "*taught to regard him as a sacred personage, even to worship him. A few boys began to manifest signs of religious hysteria in sequence.*" But at least he had managed to bring together Hindus, Muhammedans, Indian Christians and Zoroastrians into one group which was one of his objects in founding the school.

As an extension of the activities, Meher Baba also set up a primitive, but free hospital, where the blind, crippled and sick were given food, bed, and spiritual consolation. The camp following had grown into the hundreds when suddenly Meher Baba closed the whole thing down and sent everyone away without any word of explanation. But apparently this was normal behaviour for Baba, who appeared to be very impulsive.

One of Baba's personal confidences to Brunton was that his work on earth would last for thirty-three years, after which he would undergo a tragic death, "*My own people, the Parsees, will be responsible for my violent end,*" said Baba. In fact, nothing of the kind happened. After a protracted illness he peacefully left his body, having declared his work in this life completed.

At the end of a week's close daily consultation, Paul Brunton was still no more in tune with Meher Baba than the day he arrived, and was astounded when Baba charged him with the task of spreading his name in the West as the coming divine messenger. Brunton declined the responsibility arguing that the West would not accept his word, and was told that if he stayed with Baba he would be given "wonderful spiritual experiences" and be endowed with great powers which would cause others to believe in him. Brunton wrote: "*It is unnecessary to describe the remainder of this incredible interview. Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and others appoint a press agent. Meher seems to favour the latter course.*"

However, at Meher Baba's request, Brunton did later return to stay with him for a month, in order to give Baba the benefit of the doubt and the chance to make good his boasts. He writes:

> "It is with no keen desire that I return to him . . . a strong inner feeling tells me that my proposed stay near him will be a waste of time, and that Meher Baba, though a good man and one living an ascetic life, is unfortunately suffering from colossal delusions about his own greatness."

*

Brunton was given access to diaries which recorded faithfully the sayings and doings of Meher Baba over the years, taken down in the main by two naive young disciples who had even recorded, in all innocence, deeds which put Baba in a bad light. In the diaries, Brunton reports:

> "I find enough matter . . . to feed the doubts which live repressed existences in my own mind. I find also that Meher Baba is a fallible authority, a man subject to constantly changing moods, and an egotist who demands complete enslavement on the part of his brain-stupefied followers. And lastly I find . . . that he is a prophet whose predictions are seldom verified. At our first meeting . . . he prophesied a coming world war . . . I discover that he has made the same prophesy . . . not once but several times. On each occasion he has had to give a different date for that calamitous event because, as each date arrives, no war arrives. One year when things looked ominous in Asia, he has placed the outbreak in the East; another year, when things look dark in Europe, and when he has forgotten his earlier failure, he has placed it in the West, and so on. His caution in hesitating to give me a date . . . now becomes comprehensible."

*

During Brunton's month-long stay, Meher Baba made no reference to the promises he had previously made regarding the wonders he was to perform and the powers he was to bestow upon him. Nor were there any signs to suggest that anyone else was receiving such things. Just before Brunton was due to leave, he taxed Meher Baba on the issue, and Baba airily dismissed the obligation by saying he would show him in another couple of months time!

Coming to the end of the diaries, Brunton had to confess to himself that whatever shortcomings Meher Baba had, he did possess religious genius in his teachings and writings, but . . .

"Nevertheless one is compelled to condemn the theatrical methods which he has used No great religious teacher worthy the name has ever used them, or is ever likely to break the spiritual etiquette of thousands of centuries . . I realise that I need not deny that many high and sublime sayings have been communicated through the lithe fingers of Meher Baba. But, when he descends from his religious inspirations . . and stoops to talk of his own personal greatness and personal fortunes, it is time to put on one's shoes again For the future leader of mankind is then likely to become its misleader

*

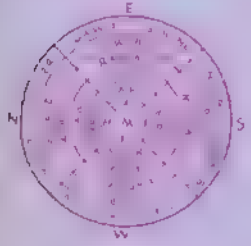
Although much of Brunton's perception appears to have been valid, his Western greeness in spiritual matters produced a scepticism which was not warranted in many of his observations However, after meeting the sage Bhagavan Ramana Maharshi, Brunton gained greater wisdom and stature, and impartial observers state that he and Meher Baba both improved with age

Meher Baba may have died without a sound, but his many followers have made up for his silence by vociferously perpetuating his legend. The Baba cult is being created with almost fanatical fervour by his devotees and one wonders perhaps whether it might be in order to confirm their own beliefs which may have been shaken by his silent passing? Or are they still bent on preparing the ground for the manifestation of his Word? Whatever the reason, they could well afford to take note of the words of the Master himself

*"What we get in identification with a narrow group or section or with some limited ideal, it's not a real merging of the separative self, but only an appearance of such merging A real merging of the limited self in the ocean of universal life involves complete surrender of separative existence in all its forms"**

A R MARCH

*From "*The New Humanity*" booklet
Quotations from "*A Search in Secret India*" by Paul Brunton by courtesy of Rider & Co Hutchinson Publishing Group Ltd
The FRIENDS OF MEHER BABA Centre is at 87 Wardour Street, London, W 1, or contact Maud Kennedy, Purcell Cottage, Heyford, Oxford



REVIEWS:

MAGICAL RITUAL METHODS

Magic seeks to translate energies from one state of existence to another in accordance with an intention of the operative intelligence

So does science

The difference between magician and scientist lies in method and materials, which sometimes are not so dissimilar as might appear. The symbolic tools of magi and mathematician both operate through Inner dimensions to cause Outer effects. Modern science has evolved far more ritual procedures in its techniques than ancient magicians ever dreamed of

So writes Wm. G Gray in his book *Magical Ritual Methods* (Helios Book Service Pubs Ltd). He also adds that the scientist is showing more respect for it (ritual procedure) than the magician, so he is getting better results with it today. Life and ritual are inseparable,, morning tea, evening T V., military and religious rites etc., are commonplace Magical rites are concerned with extensions of consciousness beyond the commonplace Many souls are drawn toward ritual practice because of their need of it on deep spiritual levels which nothing else will fulfil

Ritual has incalculable value for those able to handle it effectively, but few individuals have any qualifications as exponents of the art—they may know what was done on material levels, and even all the words that were said, but this does not tell the hows and whys or wherefores to be properly placed and activated inwardly before any rite will work to the slightest degree

This book gives, in a clear and simple form, all that is necessary for the genuine and dedicated student to enable him to train himself in the art, but the reading of it will not make a magician out of a dilettante. A tremendous amount of work has gone into the codification and simplification of the routines leaving the student but the necessary effort and persistence as his contribution. The book should also be closely studied by such as already practice magic, since the modern practitioner tends to nullify his work by the slovenly performance of his rite

Take the handling of the Rod or Wand as an example If action is to be controlled by concept, then the concept must infallibly precede and govern the act. We must not alter the position of the Rod because we have ceased or started to move, but we must stop or start moving because the Rod indicates one or the other This means we respond or react to the will behind the Rod, our actions become subservient to the intentions

What could be more simply explained? Yet any who think the point trifling should not be dabbling in magic!

The magical weapons, the elements, Tarot and Tree of Life are, like the Archangels, presented and explained in such a way that the student can, without any difficulty, translate them into the language of his own understanding and increase his tolerance so that such a process will become less necessary

The spirit in which this book was written is to be found in the author's comment on the "Inner Universe"—We shall become what we make of ourselves inside of ourselves, and the better we do the job, the better for all that live with us. That is the importance to us of a Magical Cosmos—it is very much worth while making

THOS L

The Joan Baez poem is from "*Get Off Your Apathy!*" the biography of Florence Beaumont, by Tom Dunphy. This is the first book written on the subject of self-immolation, dealing philosophically and in depth with the reasons behind the act and is a poignant expose of the sickness of a society which causes ordinary housewives like Florence Beaumont to burn themselves to death in protest against an inhuman war

Copies from George Beaumont, 640 Sandia Avenue, La Puente, California, 91746, U S A. (95c or 8/-, postage extra

RECORD REVIEW

ALCHEMY & TIME TRAVEL

The ALCHEMY of the *Third Ear Band's* first L.P., brings the primeval mystery of earth's past, present and future into your own head, or awakens what is there. This is a record to be experienced in the quiet hours of the Self, when doors are locked, and none can intrude on your journey through the levels of the mind.

Mosaic is a weirdly discordant piece, evoking the sensations of a dawn in Ancient Egypt, at the birth of the pyramids, coupled with the imagery of Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*. The second track, although entitled *Ghetto Raga*, took me to the crowded bazaars of the Middle East, full of varying rhythms and currents as the intruments developed a trance-inducing quavering, sawing, piping, throbbing pattern of sounds. *Druid One* has a lyrical olde-worlde feel and created a mental scene of greybeard sages seeing in the summer solstice at daybreak, moving slowly into the aura of an ancient *Stone Circle*, during which, I forgot the music and was taken there.

The Egyptian Book of the Dead is almost classical in its phraseology. A plaintive, haunting air mingles with the growing cries of captive souls as they slip into unwholesome dimensions borne on the wheel of karma. An insistent drum beat inexorably counts out the years they seem to suffer as they return again and again into the cycle of rebirth and death on the earth-plane.

In *Area 3*, among the peacocks and perfumed gardens of the East, dee-jay John Peel can be heard "jamming" in on the session, making that *whangy* sound on the jaws harp and proving that his musical sensibilities are not confined to the turntable.

The use of the cymbal-gong is effective at the beginning of *Dragon Lines*, giving an impression of the fearful dragon-breath, but using it throughout didn't help the piece too much and I found it irritating after a time. Dave Tomlin's *Lark Rise* has a happy blend of modern and medieval atmosphere reminding one of leafy lanes where walk the timeless tinkers and vagabonds of Olde Englande.

This record is a meditation in itself, for those with visionary imaginations. Time travel *is* indeed via the Alchemical *Third Ear Band*.

THE WARLOCK OF LOVE by MARC BOLAN

Oddsbodikins sirrah! Here be indeed a goodly lyrical work with echoes of Joycian wordmongery and evocations of De La Mare's *The Traveller*. Though the traveller in these realms of poetry should not ask if anyone is there, for the words are alive and teeming with the fair and friendly folk of every shade. But should he pause and tarry awhile and not look too deep for meanings, he'll find himself enwrapt in the magical imagery of antique lands somewhere betwixt yon' *Middle Earth* and *Narnia*.

Now selling at *Gandalf's Garden*. (13/6 post paid to anywhere in Britain.)

seedbag

Dear Seedgrowers,

I am from a tower of the sun unseen by the eyeless. The majestic dwellers said to me,

"Sageman, spread the word, the rings of Wessex are beginning to revolve."

So they gave me your chronicle of lightness and said to me, "these people are friends, the type you never meet, the beautiful relationship". So I write to you

You should know that there are kings, queens, saints and Gods here that sleep in the cradle of the downs We have felt the slumber of these hills ripple in its prelude to waking. Stonehenge the heart, begins to pulse if you listen now

"Spread the word". Spread it thick like generous butter

We never knew you had been born until you screamed. Thank you. Thank you for showing us your hand

May I hold it, and you ours?

Please.

I feel you & know you

all the love of heaven
and may the clearlight
illumine the dark of conflict,

Love,

BRIAN GRIST

33 Plants Green, Warminster, Wiltshire.

Dear Muz Murray,

May I say that although much in *GG* I disagree with, it is a valiant attempt to keep humanity sane and deserves all the support it can get. Its aim seems to be far more rational *and* spiritual than such garbage-can pulp magazines as *OZ* and *IT*. Their editors could learn something from working out *why* "*Gandalf's Garden*" appeals to the sane of this world—I suspect that *they* are propaganda put out by the Mordor-folk of this earth.

Best wishes,

ROBERT GILBERT
Occult Bookshop

84 Horfield Road, Kingsdown, Bristol 2

Thank you, but don't be too hard on the others. They may seem Mordor-made because of rendering unto Caesar what is Caesar's—uncovering society's hypocritical filth and flinging it back in its teeth. But the real problem is that no matter how reactionary their articles seem to be, the writers still tend to be enmeshed in the thought-patterns of the Straightworld, even when deriding it, which can only work like walking on a treadmill towards the New World. Even so, they are still honestly doing their thing from the only angle they understand. Ed.

Dear Sir,

I have been working for 3 months as a student nurse in a Mental Hospital. This is the first time in my life I have come in contact with "9-to-5" people in a state of awareness in which I could appreciate the incredible division between Them and "us", whoever we are They are exceedingly weird to me, and their self-inflicted barriers and repressed humanity, and their inability to believe in *Life* is incomprehensible. Scientology is, or may, not be the answer, but I'm beginning to understand some of their opinions against psychiatry

Nevertheless, I'm learning valuable things here about people. The pressure of society does dreadful things to the 9-to-fivers, but there is also here a small number of Enlightened Ones whom the State will never be able to re-adjust to fit its mechanism, and who are even more misunderstood than the ill Grey People.

Nurses of course, are considered primarily as pairs of hands, and most of them accept this with *their* 9-to-5 level of thought. Although the standard for acceptance to training has been raised, the instruction given is empty and dead. Intelligent and informed nurses could upset the balance of power. Nevertheless, the principle behind the function of a nurse is, I believe, entirely in accordance with the dawning of the Age (≈≈). This letter is really a plea for communication with anyone who is thinking along the lines of healing, especially in connection with ideas of Astrology, Alchemy, etc. My thoughts about it are still embryonic and they need to be developed and expanded by discussion with others who have another corner of the universe to explore

Yours sincerely,

"NURSE"

Name and address supplied. Write c/o "*GG*"

WORDS OF THE PROPHET .

Dear Muz Murray,

We received your wonderful GARDEN . .
It's sweet and good . . .
It will bloom, blossom and perfume the planet . .

Love,

TIM LEARY

1230 Queens Road, Berkeley, California, USA

Dear Muz,

Thanks for your notes on Sufism (*GG* 3) Yes, Sufism is of "great relevance and vital moment to each and every new generation" Because Sufism is not a cosmogony, nor an elaborate eschatological series, nor a dogma, nor a literature—but a way of life.

At its lowest level, it is a sense of humour. At its highest, transcendental understanding. Sufism is not mysticism Sufism is not part of the Overground. Sufism is known by means of itself.

Let me explain. The key Sufic statement is "We should live in the world, but not of it"

"In the world". We are wanderers in the world (the Upground). Some people establish their necessarily limited pockets of Overground The Selene Community is a good example of this Overground and I feel they are creating good impressions. That's great. Other gardeners may achieve similar states of mind on their own; but I feel, from my own experience, that these states of mind are more like satori than any permanent establishment of an actual bit of the Overground. Thus most people remain within the general framework of the Upground. In fact, we are probably more aware of the minute by minute tensions of the Upground, and of its overall structure, than are most of the grey people.

Consequently, although we are "in the world", we are not "of the world". We are not committed to the world We try to fight the structural tensions of the world (popularised by Brandstutter) and act in this world according to other worldly principles

We are walking a tight-rope across the waters of confusion Clothes, or no clothes, beads, hair, drugs, are symbols and they are important to observers, for they can encourage an observer to approach us; but they are not very important to us, not very important to the ordinary Gardener in his ordinary Upground life. We know that each step "in the world but not of it" requires more than such symbols, if it is to accord to other-worldly principles, it requires the support of powerful other-worldly forces. These forces are exemplified by the true Overground (Selenetic Communities)—and by the attitudes of the Sufi teacher

One interesting assertion contained in this Sufic attitude is that nothing can be had without paying for it. Payment may be made with money, or an idea, or an Upground privilege—the apparent cost will depend on one's own scale of values. Of course, it is precisely this scale of values that the Sufi is questioning Thus, Sufism is the crux between the physical and the metaphysical.

I haven't mentioned Rumi, Attar, etc Immersion in their works alone, invites too much dependence on formal historicism. Sufism, is, above all, practical So let's go out and practise it

JOHN HOWKINS

34 Belwell Lane, Four Oaks, Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire.

Indeed But I would like to point out that it is precisely BECAUSE "Sufism is not a dogma but a way of life" that it IS Overground Not "a part" but just 'Overground", since the Overground is working from the "inner planes" and embraces everything which is true and genuine. Ed

Dear Friends,

I was very glad to see your mag . . . for it articulates what I feel I have been in a Religious Order since I was 17 and am now 25. I am leaving, because the atmosphere is becoming too oppressive. Even my best friend was forbidden to contact me—because it was "against religion"—I ask you!

I have been teaching (outside) too, and am shocked by the rigidity and snobbism that riddles our schools For God's sake, let's break this curse! It is where organised religion breaks down that I am most aware of evil. I can't believe that Christ went to all that trouble, only for this bloody farce! Help me.

love,

"JO" BENDKOJRSKA

145 Woodstock Road, Oxford

Come to one of our Friday night SOUL GARDENS and meet some genuine people. Ed.

seedbag

Dear Friends,

Please send me two Grandliff's Garden Grows. Here [illegible] I [illegible] to be one in my area to [illegible] Popular, who is called *Tom* [illegible] because he is the 'first and eldest' and also has boots as [illegible]. I [illegible] the poster may [illegible] of our own who may be [illegible] when I approach them in our [illegible] Perhaps other drivers [illegible] the same help to dispel the dreadful depression which settles on the [illegible] as car after car goes roaring past, screaming, particularly if one's hair is not of the regulation "straight society" length and one's luggage consists of a duffle bag and a "box". So diggers with transport, unite! What's a car for if it is not to go out and heal people?

Love and peace,

JAY GARDNER

17 Quarry Knowe Street, Faifly, Clydebank, Dunbartonshire

LEAVING NO STONY HEART UNTURNED ON

Dear Sir,

[illegible] from me [illegible] to read the letter [illegible] from John A. Osborn. I had it [illegible] to understand [illegible] and I equally find it difficult to reconcile myself to his [illegible] mode of dress—you see I am the possessor of a stony heart and I also know John. I realise this is a little unkind, his [illegible] course, a generalisation. Nevertheless I really must respond.

[illegible]? What [illegible] there seeks to express? [illegible] I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

to other races in their natural regions of the earth, it is a key to knowledge and sane communication.

May I make a strong plea for caution in the matter. If this planisphere exists, it is vital that official recognition is gained quickly, and this can only be achieved by careful solid work, followed by tactful presentation to the planning authorities, and I would urge that all personal ambition for recognition as an "expert" be shelved, efforts being concentrated on polite, persistent demand for a proper enquiry to be put in hand as soon as possible.

ELIZABETH LEADER

25a Danvers Street, Chelsea, London, S.W.3.

Dear Gardeners,

I must say what an excellent venture *Gandalf's Garden* is, in my view, immensely valuable, with a great potential for breaking thru the barriers man's inhibitions have erected. What is vitally important, and what makes the *Garden* different from any other magazine of the same generation is that it has remained, so far at least, totally non-political. It's encouraging to see that some people are participating in a revolution which is not doomed to failure from the outset by political ties. No great changes are going to be brought about on the level of governments, until an underlying, much more basic change has been brought about on the individual level—the way people relate to one another and the world about them.

Yours in faith and trust,

JON KIDDELL

26 York Street, Norwich, Norfolk.

Thank you. And that's the way we're going to stay. Ed.

Dear Muz,

I spent nearly all yesterday—being so stormy outside—browsing in the earlier magazines, and rejoiced in them all, being in a language I can understand.

Surely indeed, Atlantis is already risen, with the evil as well as the good? My hopes and beliefs that America was eventually to take its place as the new land for a new race of people are being very strained by their present mood of active violence and cruelty. Though we are apt to forget that eternity lies before us. But I sometimes wonder if, after all, this ancient and mystical Isle has yet a larger part to play than we perhaps realise, and that the real GERM of things to come still lies dormant *here*, and waiting for the preparation of fertile earth around it? There is much work lying before us, of that I am sure.

May the sun shine on your life and work,

BARBARA CRUMP

"Tor View", Bagley, Isle of Wedmore, Somerset.

You bet. Britain was not known as "The Fortunate Isles" by the ancients for nothing. Ed.

Dear Gardeners,

You are like a butterfly found in prison.

Love and hope,

NICK GOTTS

14 The Crescent, West Wickham, Kent.

COSMIC

COSMIC means the *Cosmic Overground Syndicated Magazine Interchange Co-operative.*

COSMIC is a loosely-woven worldwide fabric of small press magazines and newspapers existing to facilitate co-operation between any UNDERGROUND (radical and non-commercial), UPGROUND (normal channel media), or OVERGROUND (celestially orientated and aspirational) magazines and media, for the promotion of the Awakening of True Consciousness towards the Brotherhood of Planetary Man.

COSMIC has no authoritarian committee or organising body, and therefore no membership fees to be paid to anyone.

Each magazine or paper which wishes to participate, should send a free subscription of its own publication to all others listed on the COSMIC CIRCUIT, or to any other outside party they feel would benefit from the exchange.

Each would be prepared (when possible) to exchange advertising space on a reciprocal "SAME-SIZE AREA" basis, irrespective of their advertising rates, in the spirit of co-operation for a New World.

Each would allow all the other publications to reprint articles, and (where possible) photos/artwork, etc., thus enabling their ideas to penetrate to other sections of the public which may not normally be reached; provided that the copyright is not specifically owned by the author of the work. In such a case, the editor will do all he can to secure reprint permission for the requesting party on the COSMIC CIRCUIT. All authors, artists, photographers and magazines from which articles are taken, must be given credits.

Each publication using the service will include in their credits the words "COSMIC CIRCUIT". Any paper not using such identification, and reprinting articles, will be liable under the Infringement of Copyright Act.

Editors are requested, for mutual benefit, to list the above amenities and the other participants whenever space allows.

Any ideas for the furtherance of COSMIC should be circulated to all participants by the originator and adapted or adopted by the group.

COSMIC CIRCUIT

2nd AEON (Peter Finch Ed.), 3 Maplewood Court, Maplewood Ave., Llandaff Nth., Cardiff, CF4 2NB, Wales. *(Up-to-the-minute poetry, prose, essays.)*

AIEN (Jean-Paul Creton. Animus), E. Salvator's Hall, St. Andrews, Fife, Scotland. *(Poetry, experimental literature & graphics, social & political comment.)*

ARTERY (Les Daly Ed.) 46 Gallowhill Road, Kirkintilloch, Glasgow, Scotland. *(Glasgow Underground Scene, poetry, humour, love and shouts. Duplicated.)*

COMMUNES (Group Ed.) c/o John Driver, 59 Beadon Road, Taunton, Somerset. *(Journal of the Commune Movement. News, views, action and theory, letters, reviews. Bi-monthly, 2s. Duplicated.)*

CORMALLEN (Petr Van Mensch Ed.) Luitgardeweg 36, Hilversum, Netherlands. *(Under- Up- and Overground magazine about the work of Tolkien, poetry, magic and supernatural. In Dutch. Duplicated.)*

COSMOS (Walter Gillings Ed.) 115 Wanstead Park Road, Cranbrook, Ilford, Essex. *(Science-Fantasy Review. SF authors, reviews, books. Ufo's, etc.)*

THE CATONSVILLE ROADRUNNER (Group Ed.) Biz: Eric Loe, 132 Muswell Hill Broadway, London, N.10. *(Love, Jesus liberation, justice for real, local and worldwide news on the revolutionary Christian scene.)*

GANDALF'S GARDEN (Muz Murray Ed.), 1 Dartrey Terrace, World's End, Chelsea, London, S.W.10. *(Mystical Scene Magazine, the Overground, Soulspheres, Inner Worlds, Scene News, poems & pop culture.)*

HAPT (Ken Loynes. Unifier), 3, Merryfield House, Grove Park Road, London S.E.9 *(Free Digger Magazine. Forthright open comment on Scene & Society. Mimeographed.)*

HENRY (Alan Spence Ed.), Flat 235, 75 Kirkton Ave., Glasgow, W.3, Scotland. *(The Gospel according to Henry Thrib, poems, prose, comic strip, love, anarchy, laughter.)*

HOTCHA! (Urban Gwerder Ed.), Postfach 304, CH-8025 Zurich, Switzerland. *(Swiss Alternative Press. Underground & Poetry—different languages.)*

INSIGHT (Deric R. James Ed.), 118 Windham Road, Bournemouth, Hants., Eng. *(The Western Mystery Tradition, Witchcraft, the Quabalah, Symbolism, etc.)*

KASSIBER (Hans J. Lehmann Ed.) Marktstrasse 10-14, 477 Soest, Germany. *(Anarcho-political, poetry, essays and found objects.)*

LADY MADONNA'S CHILDREN (Steve Daniels/Jean-Paul Creton Eds.), The Phoenix Society, St. Andrews, Fife, Scotland. *(Contemporary poetry on art paper.)*

THE MODERN UTOPIAN (Not Known. Ed.) c/o Dick Fairfield, 2441 LeConte, Berkeley, California 94709, USA. *(Experimental ideas for Communal Living, etc.)*

MOKSHA (Hans Geluk Ed.) Niewe Achtergracht 144, Amsterdam, Holland. *(Psychedelics bulletin in Dutch. Duplicated.)*

NEW AGE INTERPRETER (Theodore Heline Ed.) P.O. Box 372, Oceanside, California 92054, USA. *(Overground. Dedicated to Serve Spiritual Purpose. All paths.)*

OTHER SCENES (John Wilcock Ed.), Box 8, Village P.O., New York City 100014, U.S.A. *(Pot, art, religion, politics, sex, sociology & revolution.)*

PEACE NEWS (Roger Barnard Ed.), 5 Caledonian Road, London, N.1. *(Politics, protest, demo's, man's inhumanity to man, proposals for peace.)*

PHOENIX (Leopold Reif Ed.), 1 Berlin 46, In Den Nuen Gärten 38, Postcheckonto Bln, Germany. W. 18346 36. *(International—poems in all languages.)*

PSICON (Richard Stewart Ed.), Biz: Geoffrey Keyte, 83b Russell Road, Buckhurst Hill, Essex. *(Psychic Youth Group. Mediumship, Spiritism, ESP, etc.)*

PENTAGRAM (Gerard Noel Ed.), 68 Grove End Gardens, London, N.W.8. *(Periodic. Occultism, magic(k), Western mystery tradition, man & his quest.)*

THE REAL FREE PRESS ILLUSTRATED (R.Olaf Stoop Ed.), address not known. *(Belgian Underground Paper.)*

RESURGENCE (John Papworth Ed.), 24 Abercorn Place, St. John's Wood, London, N.W.8. *(Astute socio-political comment, non-violence, Fourth World, etc.)*

REVISTA CIENTIFICO-LITERARIA (Miguel de Aguilar Merlo Ed.) Meson de Paredes 73, Madrid 12, Spain. *(Scientific and Literary Review in Spanish.)*

RICHMOND AREA FREE PRESS (Ned Lobb Ed.), 19 Paradise Road, Richmond, Surrey. *(Liberal comment, pop, Scene news, poetry, local events.)*

S.C.R.E.W. (Group Ed.) "Support Communications for a Revolutionary Europe & World", 46 Park Crescent, Brighton, Sussex, Eng. *(Duplicated. Bulletins, information, useful addresses for "Alternatives".)*

SIGNAL INTERNATIONAL (Raimo Kaarna Ed.) Box 8150, Lahti 8, Finland. *(Personal and commercial ads, books, films, photography, stamps, bizarre interests, pen pals, etc.)*

SPEAKING OF HERBS! (Kenneth W. Eames Ed.) West House Cottage, Barrack Lane, Aldwick, Bognor Regis, Sussex. *(Herbal healing, nature cures, fasting, radionics, Bio-dynamic farming, etc.)*

THETA (Group Ed.) c/o 7 Sleaford Road, Hall Green, Birmingham, Warwickshire. *(Overground. Occult, Ufo's, magic, Stonehenge, etc. Duplicated.)*

BREAKING GROUND

A SEEKER'S GUIDE TO GATHERINGS. BREAKING GROUND IS AN OPEN INVITATION TO ALL GROUPS WHO ARE OPEN ENOUGH TO TRANSCEND THE GROUP CONSCIOUSNESS IN A GENUINE DESIRE FOR ADVANCEMENT OF MAN AND WORLD UNITY OF PEOPLES, THROUGH THEIR STUDIES OF MAN AND PHENOMENON, AND THE SPECIALISED KNOWLEDGE THEY HAVE TO IMPART TOWARDS UNIVERSAL AND SELF UNDERSTANDING. THIS IS A FREE SERVICE.

ACACIA HOUSE:

Every Monday; Elementary Yoga, Sharnez Dastoor, 7.00 to 8.00 p.m. *Every Tuesday*; country dancing, conducted by Paul Francis, 7.30 p.m. *Every Wednesday*; absent healing group 7.30 p.m., communal healing service, 8.00 p.m. *Every Friday*, clairvoyance, 8.00 p.m. Thursday, 17th July; psychic portraits by Mrs. Irene Martin Giles, 3.00 p.m., group sittings limited to seven persons, 12/6 per person. Sunday, 3rd August; healing service with music by Malcolm Tasker, 6.30 p.m.

CENTRE HOUSE:

Every Monday; Sanskrit class, Dr. Rammurti Mishra, 7.30 p.m. *Every Tuesday*; Hatha Yoga 6.15 p.m. to 7.30 p.m., 7.30 to 8.30 p.m. *Every Thursday*; Mantra Yoga, Dr. Mishra, interpretation of the Upanishads chanting. *Every Friday*; Hatha Yoga, 6.15 p.m. Onwards, from 17th October, Evolution by The Venerable Sthavira Sangharakshita, refreshments 7.00 p.m., lecture 7.30 p.m. Thursday, 17th July 4.00 p.m. The Diamond Sutra. After Dr. Mishra's departure for India (date unknown) Thursday evenings will be devoted to group research into techniques for the development of sensitivity, e.g. psychometry, dowsing, radiational physics, etc. Drop in and see what is happening.

FRIENDS OF MEHER BABA:

Saturday, 19th July, entertainment by the youth members at Centre House, 3.00 p.m. all welcome. Wednesday, 10th September, Dr. Alan Cohen arrives for a series of public and T.V. lectures. Saturday, 20th September at Centre House, other dates (incl. two at the Art Lab.) to be fixed.

FRIENDS OF THE WESTERN BUDDHIST ORDER:

Meditation: Zen 7.00 p.m. *Mondays*. Beginners, 6.30 p.m. *Tuesdays*. Regulars, 7.00 to 8.00 p.m. and 8.00 to 9.00 p.m. *Wednesdays* and *Thursdays*. 15th August to 1st September, August retreat at Keffolds, nr, Haslemere, Surrey. Guided Group meditation, lectures, discussions, hatha yoga, Vegetarian catering. Fees £1 16 0 per day (30/- students and pensioners). Write F.W.B.O. for booking form.

GANDALF'S SOUL GARDEN:

Every Friday, Mantra meditation and informal open discussion, understanding Mysticism, Yoga, occultism, Druidism, health, Atlantis, Glastonbury, Ufology, etc. 7.30 p.m. at Gandalf's Garden Shoppe.

ISLAMIC CULTURAL CENTRE AND LONDON MOSQUE:

Every Saturday, London Islamic Circle, 5.30 p.m., everyone welcome. Every second Saturday in month, Muslim Women's Association, 4 p.m. Free lessons in Arabic twice weekly, Sats and Weds, 6.30 to 8.30 p.m.

SELF-REALISATION FELLOWSHIP (YOGANANDA):

Every Thursday, meditation at 6.45 p.m.

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY:

Lectures, courses and study courses, apply to address below:
50 Gloucester Place, London, W.1.

Most societies close down for the summer months—these are the only groups who have got it together in this period.

ADDRESSES

ACACIA HEALING CENTRE, Centre Ave., The Vale, Acton Park, London, W.3 (743 1463)
AETHERIUS SOCIETY, 757 Fulham Road, London, S.W.6. (736 4187)
ANTHROPOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, RUDOLF STEINER HOUSE, 35 Park Road, London, N.W.1. (PAD 4400)
ATTINGHAM PARK, The Shropshire Adult College. Apply: The Warden, Attingham Park, Shrewsbury. (Under 30's only.)
CENTRE HOUSE, 10a Airlie Gardens, Kensington, London, W.8 (PAR 3865)
COLLEGE OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE, and PSYCHIC YOUTH GROUP, 16 Queensberry Place, London, S.W.7. (KEN 3292/3)
DRUID ORDER, 77 Carlton Ave., Dulwich, London, S.E.21. (TOW 4748)
FRIENDS OF MEHER BABA, Centre, 87 Wardour Street, London, W.1. (Open Monday for library 3-6 p.m.)
FRIENDS OF THE WESTERN BUDDHIST ORDER, Sakura, 14 Monmouth Street, London, W.C.2.
ISLAMIC CULTURAL CENTRE and LONDON MOSQUE, 146 Park Road, London, N.W.8 (723 7613)
SCHOOL OF UNIVERSAL PHILOSOPHY AND HEALING, write: 52 Earls Court Road, Kensington, London, W.8 (937 0377)
SELF-REALISATION FELLOWSHIP (Yogananda,) Mrs. G. White (Sec.), 33 Warrington Crescent, London, W.9.
SWEDENBORG SOCIETY, 20 Bloomsbury Way, London, W.C.1. (405 7986)
THE TIBET SOCIETY, 58 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1. (VIC 4342)

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Everybody,

All those waiting for replies to their letters and MSS, please be patient with us and understand that our tiny unpaid staff is working in your service, round the clock every day, and still cannot cope with the hundreds of letters pouring in every week. If we concentrate on the mail alone then the periods between G.G's will grow. We are desperately trying to keep up with the flow under incredible odds. Dedicated secretary, with own means of support required.

Love you all, Yours, MUZ.

GANDALFIANS UNITE!

Many fellow soul Gardeners are sticking small posters in their flat windows, or on their doors, or in their cars, which read: "GANDALF'S GARDEN GROWS HERE" which lets anyone passing know that "here are friends" and they are welcome to drop in. It's amazing how many contacts are being made this way. No one need ever be lonely wherever they go if this catches on. Break down the British reserve and communicate the joy of being! Unify your beliefs. Be open to the stranger. The stranger is only yourself away from home. If you want a poster, please send us three 4d stamps to help cover a little of the cost, or make up a window poster yourself. We shall drop in ourselves, wherever we see the welcoming sign. Live your vision and your world NOW!

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nor is it just an environment of sounds and good vibrations where the most amazing minds and gentle beings meet over a bowl of Chinese tea
nor is it just a half-way house for world-crossers
nor is it just the gatherings
for meditation and discussion every Friday at 7.30 pm of Soul Gardeners, occultists, yogis and seekers of the miraculous in the basement shrineroom, to which all are welcome

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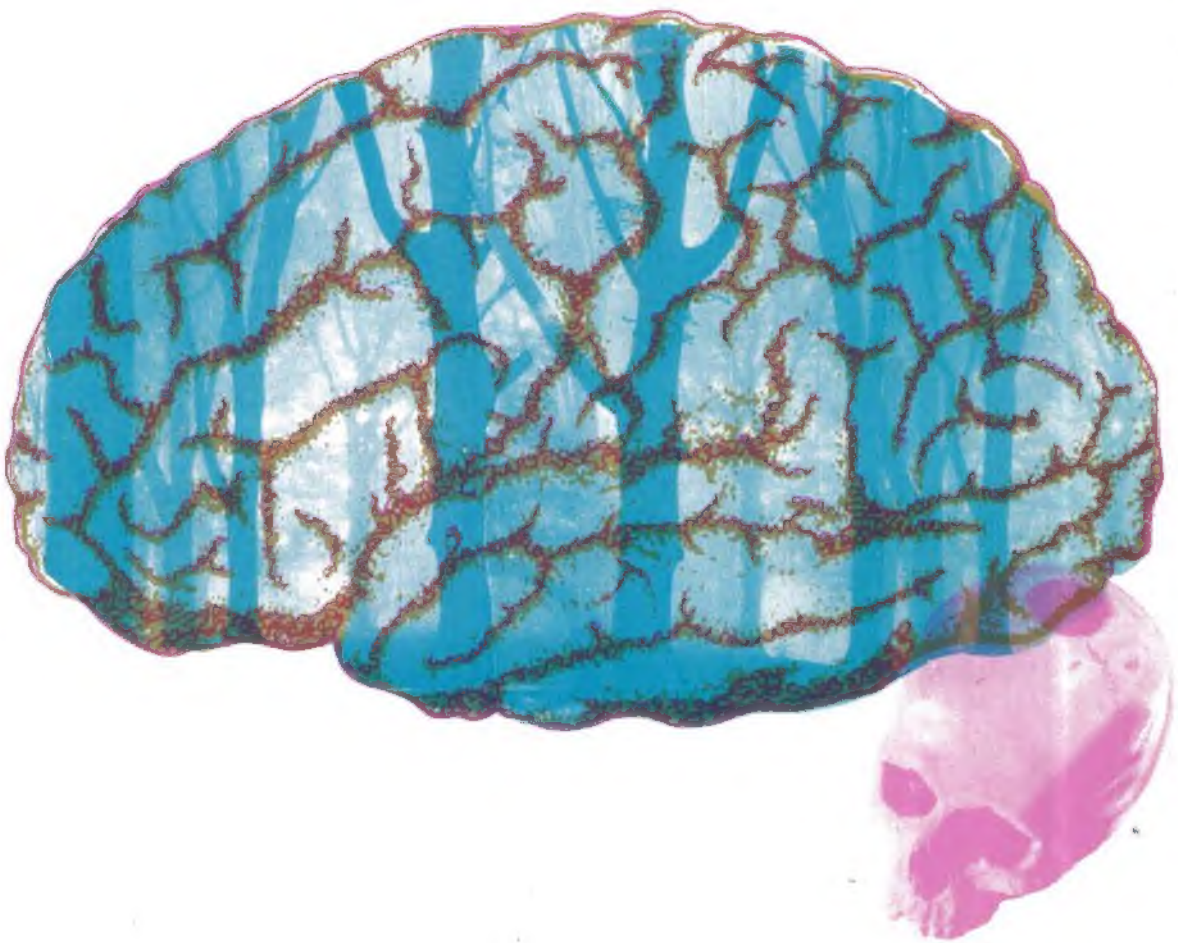
Day by day we find our friend and guardian BIG BROTHER watching over us more and more with his benevolent eye, helping us to save ourselves from ourselves. We decided to place this humble advert, as straight as we could make it, in a fleet of London taxis (in the hope that perhaps a few summer tourists knowing nought but the Grey life, might dig the Garden vibes and help support our struggling scene) when we discovered that Scotland Yard decides what is fit for you to read in taxis. And the advert here displayed was rejected as "unsuitable" by the custodians of good - taste - in -taxi-literature without a word of why.

Where did we go wrong? What can possibly be read into it? The mind boggles. That word 'Love' for a start. . .

Gandalf's Garden

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